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Informing the Unformed, by Bernard Iddings Bell, on page 138

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Coming Back

IT is going to be a good year for books. Reading forty odd advance copies selected from the Fall lists, the exploring critic emerges longing for the age of papyrus, and yet with a warmth of enthusiasm surviving weariness. Good books—readable books—are coming back. Some fashions, he sees, are going out that should be sped on their way; and some qualities are coming in that we have longed to see coming.

Scabrous heavy and scabrous light seem both to be declining. As soon as trained writers with a sense for narrative had thoroughly digested, first the new sociology, then the new psychology, a crude metabolism began which gave us a thousand ponderous stories of mean and dreary lives lit only by baleful fires of instinct, and significant only because nothing in these gloomy sagas of smutted lives and morbid reactions was impossible—with bad luck. This was the heavy scabrous, a kind of cancerous science where the cells perversely grew wrong into grimy shapes of the imagination, neither beautiful nor ever wholly true. They reflected the fear of the machine age, not its imaginative essence.

The light scabrous, with its cynical biographies of nervous lovers, and its clever titillation of sexual relationships, began when literature grew jealous of the tabloid. The tabloid hit the taste of the multitude exactly, even if it was too crude for the literate. Its vulgarity, like Falstaff's lie, was gross and palpable. A taste for drummers' stories and nursemaids' yarns was required to go on with it. The essence of its scabrosity was unbeatable, but there was no delicacy of touch, no real efficiency in titillating the emotions. The "new freedom" gave the *littérateurs* their opportunity to poach in these muddy but vigorous waters. They found that they could stretch an extra-marital experience for as many chapters as used to be given to a seduction, and substitute for the suspense of wondering whether the heroine would prove to be virtuous, a lively curiosity as to how far the writer would dare to go. After a while he went as far as one can go, and then the fun was out of the bag.

* * *

The scabrous, light and heavy, had its considerable value. It was an outlet and a purge, and a path toward new literary experience also. Now it is sour and stale. As the prayer book says, there is no health in it; and what is even more damaging to the reader, no excitement. Of imagination it never had but the tiniest share.

War books too are passing, but not without leaving substitutes. The very sight of "August, 1914" on apage of fiction today makes something that is not the heart begin to skip, but now that curious blend of fiction-history-biography which made "All Quiet" and "Sergeant Grischa" so successful is being applied to that interesting post-war period of confusion and readjustment, little exploited except in pure fiction, when the life of the home stayers became as tumultuous and as unsxpected as the experiences of the armies. It is the old narrative art of Defoe, revived by soldiers, for their own purposes, and now put again to work.

Biography, real biography, is not yet on the return, in spite of the harbinger of Burnett's Scott last summer. There is still a flow of second-hand Lives which begin like a short story and are given titles taken from the old melodrama and indicating anything but the sober truth. The purpose of such books is to enliven and excite, and their authors do

(*Continued on page 137*)

Winds of Memory

By ELIZABETH CLENDENIN

WOOD-SMOKE, bittersweet—curling in the warm sweep
Of rich winds laden with the sun warmed seep
Of fallen needles in the deep green wood—
And the yearning of a love unutterably deep.

High trails and rocky ledge and starlight were good,
And stolen intervals of solitude for two
Under the cloud flecked sky where we shared the mood
Of the calm reflected in the lake of glacial blue.

Sand dunes and a blue legged crane,
And a silhouette of leaves against the sunset sky,
And another love and I,
And the evening fire and a sung refrain

Of wood-smoke, acrid—swirling in the cool sweep
Of night winds bearing memories of the sun warmed seep
Of sands burned dry
And the yearning of devotion unutterably deep.

Ruddy moorlands and a trail-crossed down,
And two horses with their riders near the sea coast town
Where we shared amusement at Barnabas the clown—
I and a third love—and from the coast was blown
Wood-smoke faintly mingled with the penetrating sweep
Of moisture laden wind and the misty seep
Of wild grape fragrance overgrown—
And the yearning of a passion unutterably deep.

This Week

"This Land of Liberty."
Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS.

"Man and His Universe."
Reviewed by BEVERLEY W. KUNKEL.

"The Book of Christopher Columbus."
Reviewed by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

"A Note in Music."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.

"Twenty-four Hours."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"Angel Pavement."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

Philosophers.
By GEOFFREY JOHNSON.

Next Week, or Later

Lewis Carroll.
By WALTER DE LA MARE.

William Hazlitt*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

ANY man whose writings are read and whose judgments are listened to one hundred years after his death certainly justifies a new study of his works. And when upon inquiry it is found that only two writers have seen fit to prepare biographies—one of which is permeated on almost every page with a disconcerting mid-Victorianism—any other excuse for a third, a preferably "modern" biography or analysis, need not be sought. But such a one, as far as I know, is not to be issued, this year at least. To one who has paid any attention to William Hazlitt it seems a little strange that he has escaped a more extensive attention. Of course, when he was young, R. L. Stevenson wanted to write his Life, but he was told by his publisher that neither Hazlitt nor Stevenson were well enough known to warrant the risk. That present-day publishers are equally timid may still be the case.

In 1922 Mr. P. P. Howe, an English authority, did finally give us his valuable and full-length biography, a large and accurate tome which is an excellent example of studious research tempered with more than the average amount of sympathy usually accorded the maligned Hazlitt. In his own introduction, however, Mr. Howe urged someone else to take his facts (and any others he had not discovered) and use them for the basis of "a more attractive and lasting superstructure." Something like Edmund Blunden's "Leigh Hunt" (not yet published in America) is what we would like to see: something like that is what Hazlitt really deserves.

* * *

Hazlitt, of course, has not suffered entire neglect. His son and his grandson, not with the best of judgment perhaps, did their best to do him justice, and at the beginning of this century Augustine Birrell dashed off his too moral and not particularly intuitive sketch for the English Men of Letters Series. Leslie Stephen, George Saintsbury, among others, have used him as the subject of essays, and there is Richard Le Gallienne's understanding diagnosis of his morbid psychology in the 1894 edition of "Liber Amoris." Most else that has been written about Hazlitt has been negligible, with the exception of two delightful lectures by Professors Ker and Garrod of Oxford. The latter, perhaps, is the best thing from the critical standpoint about Hazlitt that we have. Hazlitt is, fortunately, one of that host of writers often mentioned, the delight of a minority, but seldom studied as he deserves. Like Conrad's Lord Jim he passes under a cloud, forgotten except by the few, and unforgiven. He suffers from a misunderstanding that a century has not wiped out.

Hazlitt's name is well known; his life, and what a life is not. Even the Encyclopædia Britannica, which should know better, allots him but three hundred or so words, and then mis-names his wife. And yet, despite this unseeming neglect, people do read Hazlitt; at least, I presume they do for his works (with few exceptions) remain in print and can be had at any good book-store. And in 1925 (ninety-five years after his death) an Oxford professor noted for his urbanity as well as his erudition, told an audience that when Criticism makes up her jewels she will account Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age" her brightest ornament. That probably is good prophecy, but today, exactly a century after his death, he suffers from the villification that was hurled his way when

* September 18, 1930, marks the hundredth anniversary of the death of William Hazlitt.

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living and he is still vainly trying to drown out the boos and hisses of the past.

No, I do not feel that Hazlitt has very often received a fair deal. Those few who have recognized him with anything approaching critical intelligence have too often made the mistake of criticizing his life when they should have dealt solely with his books, and not seldom enough have they divorced themselves of a moral squeamishness. They still see his pimples more clearly than the products of his pen. Mr. Birrell tried desperately hard to be a good fellow but when he came to Hazlitt's unhappy love affairs he shuddered so hard that it was plain to see that he could not believe good literature and the love affair of a married man could go hand in hand. Nor did he try very hard at that particular moment to understand. Stevenson, we are told, might have gone ahead with his biography even in the face of the cautious publisher if Hazlitt had not written the extraordinary "love conversations" of the "Liber Amoris." Leslie Stephen had the same qualms as Messrs. Birrell and Stevenson, and even Mr. Howe, whose biography alone is the authentic study of Hazlitt, is not quite happy when Hazlitt meets his second Sarah.

Hazlitt, when he died at the age of fifty-two on September 18, 1830, said that he had had a happy life. His experiences with posterity have not been so happy. In fact it is a question in most minds whether his life was happy or not. The facts seem to refute it. True, his boyhood was not passed in poverty or under the rule of cruel parents. His young manhood, while marked by fits of ill health, was not marred by any great sadness. And before he died he had completed his life's ambition, the writing of a life of Napoleon. This, he felt, justified his whole existence; that no one reads it today is beside the point. It was the one thing which, started of his own volition, he had finished as he had planned and dreamed. Everything else in his life, in some respect, was a failure.

As a college student he failed; as a philosopher he failed; as an artist he failed; as a reporter he failed; as a critic, as far as the public was concerned, er was a series of ups and downs, with more than ascents. As a lover, even if we ignore nds and remember only the facts, he failed, mally; as a husband he was incompatible in eme. When what might have been the most l, the most dramatic period of his life occurred, he turned out to be a justification of Miss Robinson's early characterization of him. "Why," she had told her brother Crabb, the diarist, "We all take him to be a fool."

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During this career, in which nothing turned out the way it should have turned, Hazlitt became one of the most hated literary men in England. He lived in a period that was noted for its hates, when the "great Quarterlies" were at the height of their abuse of the decencies, and he was one of their brightest targets. Charles Lamb was probably the only man in London who understood Hazlitt and even these two had their quarrels, Southey positively hated him; Wordsworth despised him; Coleridge sneered at him because he was jealous; and even Leigh Hunt, who shared his abuse at the hands of the quarterlies, developed a grudge against him, although they worked together through many years. Because at one time he had been addicted to gin he gained the soubriquet of "pimpled Hazlitt," a name which stuck long after he had foresworn hard liquor and become instead a drinker of strong tea. Because of the names which were called out at him, because of the enmity of the great writers of his time, for the whole one hundred years since his death too many have thought of him as a sort of renegade reporter who had squirmed into good society and then, in violation of decency and confidences, had talked out of school.

William Hazlitt was born in 1778, the son of as fine and honest a nonconformist as ever lived. For a few years of his childhood he was in America, but his impressions of this country were *nil*. As a youth he was an earnest student of that which interested him: when he went to Hackney to college it was metaphysics. This interested him so much that his health broke down and he retired to his father's quiet parish home at Wem. Here for several years he "did what respectable people call nothing." He met Coleridge then, walked with him by the mile, engrossed in heady discourse, and came to life. From metaphysics he turned to art and studied with his brother John, friend of the Godwins and other radicals. He went to Paris and saw, from the fringe of a crowd, Napoleon whom he adored to his dying day. Art affording him little livelihood and no real satisfaction he became a reporter for a London paper, "covering" parliament. But here, as at the palatte, he was not happy. Again he tried to paint, and again he knew it was of no use. It was then that he turned to writing, nearly thirty years old at the time, and he remained a writer the rest of his fifty-two years.

The brightest part of his life was spent in London, with occasional retreats to Winterslow. There at Winterslow Hut, a simple hostelry, he lived simply on good books, plain food, and strong tea, and he was at his most productive level. He married, at the instigation of Charles Lamb's sister, a plain woman from the country with whom he never got along. One son survived the union, which ultimately broke up with a Scottish divorce through no infidelity on his part, but because of mutual incompatibility. He had already left off living with his wife when he met Sarah Walker, the cause of the mad years of his career. After this brief passion he married again, this time a widow who soon vanished into thin air. He died in 1830, little poorer and no richer than was his usual lot.

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William Hazlitt, the essayist, was something more than just a writer of pleasant essays and competent criticism. He held essential certain principles that lifted him above any pettiness that was in his nature. Above everything else, he who was supposed to have so many hatreds hated the coxcomb and the pedant. What he himself wrote and what he admired of what others wrote must always have something more to it than mere learning and brilliant phraseology. I doubt, even in his hack work, if he ever wrote anything which he did not believe was truth. He was, in a certain sense, a realist, and as such refused to compromise with materialism. Yet, while being a realist, he was, too, a romanticist and something of a humanitarian. His ardent and undying worship of Napoleon is best explained as a mixture of these qualities. Often called a cockney we can search his pages after a century and find no vulgarisms in them; but we will find few petty niceties, either. Instead, always that gusto which he loved, that feeling that here is a man writing words he means, because he believes everything that he says. And we repeat, with Stevenson, "We are mighty fine fellows but we cannot write like William Hazlitt." If Hazlitt had not been so fundamentally honest and straightforward, so uncompromising, he could not have poured out his soul on paper with such a fine genius as he did.

Hazlitt's contemporaries said that he was never above knifing a friend; the truth of the matter is elsewhere. Hazlitt was one of those rare fellows who would not sacrifice his own belief for a friend. Nor did he (as far as I am aware) criticize a fellow writer because of his political beliefs without keeping clearly in his mind the other fellow's standing as a poet or a speech-maker or a dauber of paint. Wordsworth, who detested him, and whose political changefulness was inexcusable in Hazlitt's eye, evoked no lines from Hazlitt's pen that do not somewhere in them pay tribute to Wordsworth as a poet. Coleridge may have squirmed when Hazlitt pricked him about his changeableness of attitude and enthusiasm for the Revolution: but who did more than Hazlitt to set Coleridge up as a poet? He even found a good and, better still, a sound word to say about Robert Southey.

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Without stopping to see the fairness in Hazlitt's words, his enemies saw only meanness. So they called him cockney, abused him with foul epithets. They said he carried a dagger in his breast as if he would turn upon you any minute and cut your heart out. They said he was a gossip, a dirty newspaper fellow who would put your confidences in print, repeat your conversations with a billious tone, rail at you and treat you unkindly if you did not agree with his every thought. And then, they said, he would sulk in a corner and whimper about ingratitude if you so much as dared answer his "attacks." He was "that damned fellow" to one; to another "a scamp steeped in ignorance and malice to the very lips." One day they called him a "fetid, blear-eyed pug" and the next he would be a maniac or a scamp. And all because he believed in principles; because he would not give them up; because he was too sincere and too honest to be corrupted or follow the whims of society, and too intelligent to be anything else than a thoroughgoing non-conformist all his life.

Undoubtedly, now that Hazlitt's centenary is at hand, his genius will be recognized variously both in England and in America, where he has always been better considered than at home. Attention, and justly so, will be called to his most characteristic work, "The Spirit of the Age," a collection of essays as timeless now as it was contemporaneous when published first in 1825. In this one volume may be found the flower of his talent. In it at its best are the peculiar qualities of his prose: the gusto, the skilfully controlled vigor of his style, the merits and the faults of his logic and his expression of it, his powers and incapacities most clearly set forth. From that dry and crotchety old Utilitarian, Jeremy Bentham, whose fault was that he had not "looked enough abroad into universality," through Southey, whose mind was "rather the recipient and transmitter of knowledge, than the originator of it," through Wordsworth, "the spoiled child of disappointment," the gleaming prose runs until it stops with Washington Irving whose "sterling ore of wit or feeling . . . fades to the shadow of a shade." There are sketches of twenty-five individuals in this book, and all are done in Hazlitt's best prose, which means that in its pages is some of the finest and most vigorous English written. Conversational and almost careless at times, at others the images are surprisingly rich, the design masterfully worked, the words and sentences imperishable. His gusto is on every page, and some of his spleen, much of his scorn, and plenty of the alert penetration with which he pricked the great men of his day. No Mencken of our time has succeeded in being a Hazlitt at his best.

Most of the essays that make up "The Spirit of the Age" were written when Hazlitt was living under the stormiest cloud of his life. He had already broken with his wife when they were started; his nympholeptic craze for Sarah Walker, the daughter of a London lodging house keeper (a craze which he turned to account in the brilliantly morbid "Liber Amoris") was going on as the various pages were being ground out at Winterslow, his beloved retreat on the Salisbury plain. All but impoverished much of this time, driven nearly to unsound mind by the fury of his love, he found the only solace he could with his pen. "The Spirit of the Age"—the brightest ornament in criticism's jewels—is the product of this unsettled time, written under circumstances that would have made any man but a genius unproductive if not entirely mad. But this fact should not make us think the essays better than they are, any more than the fact that Hazlitt divorced his wife to make a buffoon of himself (as the world said) should have barred the writing of his life from the gentle hands of Stevenson and his life and works from the attention of a moral public. But both, unfortunately, seem to have been the case.

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What a book "The Spirit of the Age" really is. It should become a primer for critics. Spleen, it is too often said, ruined Hazlitt's writing; but those who say so are wrong. Or, if it were spleen that was responsible for the portrait of Gifford, thank God for spleen. For where in English letters is there a more ironical beginning to a classic in irony than:

> Mr. Gifford was originally bred to some handicraft: he afterwards contrived to learn Latin, was for some time an usher in a school, till he became a tutor in a Nobleman's family. The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant and the dependent upon the great contribute to form the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He is admirably qualified for this situation, which he has held for some years, by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired, and in the event of his death it will be difficult to supply him with a successor.

Spleen, perhaps, may also have occasioned these remarks on Coleridge, but they live pretty well a century later even so: "Alas, Frailty, thy name is Genius! What is become of all this mighty heap of hope, of thought of learning, of humanity? It has ended in swallowing doses of oblivion and in writing paragraphs in the *Courier*."

Beneath the coating of words that politics and personalities often caused Hazlitt to spread about—for a man who made his living by writing he was guilty of less journalese than one might reasonably expect—there always lay something finer and nobler. He loved whatever was honest, whatever was faithful, whatever was modest. He lived simply, liking simple things, and he wrote beautifully about them. The words on his father, the description of his youthful walk with Coleridge, his essays on English paintings, his talks with Northcott the artist, his story of The Fight—it was such commonplaces as

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these that he lighted with his genius and made more than passing subjects for a journalist's pen. Coffee house politicians, the simple game of fives, country people, men he had known and liked or hated, poets he had seen at their best and worst, the adversities of a life he said was happy, actors on the London stage, the English language (he wrote a grammar on his honeymoon!), all manner of things came before him and went away living because of his prose. Not whimsies such as Lamb sought, not metaphysics such as Coleridge played with, but simple, honest, straightforward, living things interested him, and if the men of whom he wrote were, according to his tenets, honest, he liked them; if not, he pierced them to the quick. Living simply, he loved the things that make life rich. He never knew worldly goods, but he was wealthy in things of the spirit: pictures, good talk, women, fights, English scenery, foreign lands, democrats, good plays, long country walks, London streets—it was these he must have thought about when he lay dying, surrounded by a few friends including Lamb, and when he spoke about his "happy life."

"For my part," he once wrote, "I set out in life with the French Revolution." That was his greatest fault, if it were a fault. He could not change his politics. And because of this he has suffered more than a century. But politics fade in retrospect, and his other attributes grow. He spent fifty-two years living; it was only after a youth of indecision that he was finally forced into the path of letters, which he never left. He worked hard at it as a working journalist. Most of his books were written first for the press. "Industry," he said, "alone can produce only mediocrity, but mediocrity in art is not worth the trouble of industry." Knowing that he avoided mediocrity and turned out, whether for leader or for some reserved and dignified quarterly, the best that was in him. And he always stuck to what he believed was true. That is why he had his enemies, why the great poets of his time hated him. In "The Spirit of the Age" he asks, "Is truth then so variable? Is it one thing at twenty, and another at forty? . . . Not so, in the name of manhood and commonsense!" And again, in his "Life of Napoleon," he states his creed: "I should be sorry if there were a single word approaching to cant in this work." In this work, and all his works! That is why, a hundred years after, if we are willing to see for ourselves, they still ring true. That is why a nineteenth century journalist's stuff is meat for those who live in the more complex and less personal century that came after.

Medicine for America's Ills

THIS LAND OF LIBERTY. By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

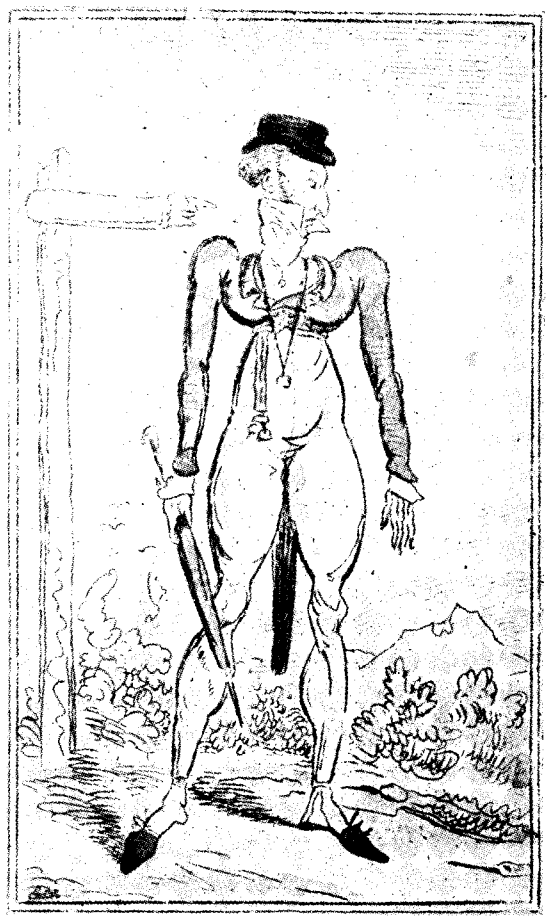
IN this book, the character of which is adequately suggested by the title, Mr. Bates has done two things: First, he has given accurately and impressively facts about the denials of liberty in the United States; and second, he has imparted to us some warmth of feeling about them. Of the violation of liberty he writes as a lover and not as a sociological investigator. This I particularly welcome because I am very weary of a fad among our intelligentsia which makes them mere reporters, without warmth of feeling or depth of philosophy, in the much abused name of science; or cynics, with scorn in their hearts for the booboisie, in the name of Mencken. It is good to have someone say, and say intelligently and vigorously, that there is a thing called freedom; that freedom matters, and that we in the United States are steadily losing it. Add to this that Mr. Bates writes with a philosophical background and an intelligent knowledge of the history of civil liberty, and you have a convincing case that this is a book worth reading and keeping on hand.

I am a lazy enough man and a busy enough person occasionally to welcome the kind of review which summarizes a book and permits me to know what it is about without reading it. Such a review would be peculiarly unfair if not impossible in the case of "This Land of Liberty." I shall content myself by saying that Mr. Bates has marshalled his evidence under effective heads. He tells what powers the state has claimed in peace and war. He presses home the fact that a long series of court decisions has made the fourteenth amendment a defense of property but not of liberty, a bulwark of economic reaction and no protection to freedom, while by other decisions the first ten amendments to the constitution have virtually been nullified by the Supreme Court. Here between the two covers of one book is an account of what happened to conscientious objectors in war; of the Debs case and those other cases by which all liberty of criticism of a government in time of war was taken from its citizens; of what justice on occasion has meant in California, Massachusetts, Washington, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina. The author tells us about "intoxicated temperance," the third degree, censorship, and "education in bondage."

It is the merit of the book that it has covered so many important facts in such brief space. It is perhaps an inevitable consequence of this merit that one feels a certain lack of adequate consideration of some of the social factors involved in this machine age in the problem of liberty. There is, for example, more to the problem of the social control of the liquor traffic than the assertion of individual liberty against the policy of a Wayne Wheeler who pursued relentlessly one political object at whatever cost to sound morals or straight thinking. The chapter on education in bondage is more valuable as a protest than a policy. And the chapter on The Ice Cracks is more eloquent of mingled fear and hope—hope being found especially in youth—than convincing as a statement of a well-rounded program for lovers of liberty in that fatherland where freedom is not. Mr. Bates is aware of the psychological and economic aspects of his problem. He might, I think, have brought them a little more into the foreground of his discussion.

But it is never fair to criticize very sharply a good book for what it is not. Rather let us gratefully accept this book not only as a good in itself but as a welcome sign of increasing interest in freedom in this our America.

To this statement may I add, as it were, a footnote or a postscript? As a reviewer I do not pretend to write from heights of Olympian impartiality on the subject of liberty. Mr. Bates's occasional mention of my name and citation from what I have written is something which naturally I appreciate. This I confess to the reader, but I do not believe these things play any great part in my warm recommendation of a book which may be a medicine to some of America's ills.



Cruikshank's portrayal of a genuine Dandy—one of the types satirized in his essays by Hazlitt from "The Englishman and His Books," by Amy Cruse (Crowell).

Grock, the famous clown, according to *John o' London's Weekly*, has written his autobiography. It is to be published in Germany, and an English translation is to follow. During the autumn Grock will make some trilingual talking films, in German, French, and English.

Erich Maria Remarque is said to have completed what is more or less a sequel to his "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is to be called "Kamerad."

Man's Changing Universe

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE. By JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY W. KUNKEL
Lafayette College

EVER since the opening of the present century when the physicists began talking about relativity and quanta, most moderately well educated laymen have been in a real intellectual haze about the new conception of the universe in which relativity reigns supreme. The reader of "Man and His Universe" will not understand such things as curved space and space-time frames and *n* dimensions any better than before, for these are all in the realm of higher mathematics, and Langdon-Davies has written a book of far wider appeal than any work of a mathematical nature. He will realize, however, that what he has been proud to call commonsense in the past does not apply to speeds like that of light, or magnitudes like those of electrons, and that from the point of view of actual sensory experience the universe is essentially meaningless. He cannot possibly imagine pictorially the antics of the electron in changing its orbit from one diameter to another without passing through the intervening space and accomplishing this not in a very short time but actually in no time at all.

It is very questionable whether many who are not skilled in metaphysics can appreciate the full significance of the new knowledge of the universe which has come to us in the last quarter of a century, but it is very certain that the historical presentation of man's changing picture of the universe in Langdon-Davies's book clears up many difficulties and will prove of great worth in the establishing of a sound philosophy of life.

The book is especially noteworthy because of the clear way in which the relation of science and religion is presented. The scientist throughout the ages has been led on by the desire for a more perfect and satisfying picture of the universe, which appeals to his intelligence and satisfies the facts of experience. Man is by nature religious because the material facts of life by themselves are not sufficient for his happiness; he accordingly always adds to what he knows by his experience certain over-beliefs which he can neither prove nor disprove by the body of natural knowledge on which they are built. These constitute his religion. When such over-beliefs are disproved by what science can show is true, they become mere superstition. This giving up of cherished beliefs is always painful but the general experience of mankind has been that the undreamed of emotional satisfactions of the more complete picture of the universe compensates for the more or less childish dreams which have to be given up.

The history of scientific and philosophic thought shows a more or less periodic conflict between the current religious beliefs and those made necessary by the new knowledge, each significant advance in which means a real conflict between the fundamentalist, so-called, and the scientist. This history also shows that in the course of time the fundamentalist has come to accept as a matter of course the results of the scientist. As early as 300 A. D., Lactantius, a very early fundamentalist, proved by reference to the Bible that the earth is not spherical, but practically all the fundamentalists of today know better and are not concerned with scientific generalizations earlier than that made by Darwin in the middle of the last century.

The search of science has been for a picture of the universe which satisfies not merely the transient emotions, but rather the permanent underlying emotion, love of reality. The steps in this search can be presented only very sketchily at this time. In the savage's picture, the universe was fashioned in the image of his own desires for food, comfort, protection, and the like, with wilful beings to be placated in every natural object. In time, Aristotle constructed a picture which satisfied men for nearly two thousand years by reason of its consistency with the meager natural knowledge. The earth was the center of the universe and everything in the universe served human need. The idea of "centrality" prevailed until knowledge expanded to such an extent that it no longer seemed reasonable. This was the work of the Renaissance, especially of Copernicus and Galileo, who introduced the idea of a geometrical universe, which was demonstrated by Newton to lack all qualities of goodness or perfection and to behave like a watch that was wound up and took no particular notice of either God or man. The

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measurable properties of the universe, space, time, mass, and movement—which could all be measured by Newton's physics—superseded the moral qualities of Aristotle which came to sound rather absurd.

The next step in the picturing of the universe is associated largely with the name of Darwin although it must be borne in mind that Laplace with his nebular hypothesis and Lyell with his idea of uniformity in geological processes paved the way for the idea of orderly change implied in evolution. With organic evolution, man came to be looked upon as part of the great order of nature, not set apart as an earlier age persisted in believing. Evolution through natural selection implied a secure future for man ever tending toward perfection and thus giving hope to that great body of humanity whose present position in the world was decidedly unsatisfactory.

The latest step in the progress of science which is furnishing humanity with certain new over-beliefs is that which involves the electro-magnetic theory of matter together with quanta and relativity. Growing out of Einstein's theory is a new relationship between man's senses and the world of fact; no longer can the senses give us a picture of reality which fits the facts of experiment. It is only human intelligence which remains as worthy of the highest reverence.

Beside the increased comfort of living which modern science has brought to man, it must be admitted that the great cintribution of science has been the elimination of nine-tenths of the fear felt by his ancestors, and with the fear, a disappearance also of cruelty and intolerance, and this because the scientist has extended our knowledge of the universe around us until at present our language is quite incapable of describing the fundamental cancepts of space and time.

Discovering Columbus

THE BOOK OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: A Lyrical Drama. By PAUL CLAUDEL. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP

WHY do they all pick on poor old Columbus? What has he ever done to them? Why don't they take somebody their own size?

It is so long since Columbus has been treated with any respect for his feelings, or his rights as a human being, that the literary fellows have come to regard him as fair game for any sort of writing exercise, with no more claim to personal consideration than if he were a denizen of the Attic Olympus, or a Sultan of Swat. It may be that these writers are contributing, unconsciously, to his ultimate canonization, but anyone with a spark of human sympathy must wonder how it affects the subject himself, as he looks down from the niche in Purgatory where, in all probability, he is still serving his probation for the mistakes he made on earth. At least one friend of his—the present writer—feels that it is about time to let up on him, and give him, and the readers of books, a rest.

Everybody has been taking a fling at him. The latest is a French Ambassador, who writes a lyrical drama, which is guaranteed by a University Press to be profoundly moving and religious. Before that it was a journalist, who just missed, though by a narrow margin, the distinction of using the highest percentage of words for the number of precise statements (accuracy not counting). This distinction still rests with the German author of best sellers, who produced a thick volume out of one solitary idea. The latest book to come over from Spain is somewhat more serious, but there, as in Italy, the scholastic brethren are playing the game of passing the buck, each trying to prove that, somehow or other, Columbus belonged to somebody else.

In fact, there probably never was any Columbus, any more than Shakespeare, for somebody else wrote everything that used to be credited to him. This, at least, seems to be the impression that a Harvard linguist tries to convey in the three solid volumes which he has composed out of his acquisitions from his readings in the as-yet-untranslated literature of the native African languages. The pertinency of this line of deduction stamps it as belonging legitimately to the Cambridge tradition which traces back to Justin Winsor, who wrote a book forty years ago to demonstrate that Columbus was to blame for all of the things that his biographers said about him; of the same family as the proof that the story of the Washington Elm is a myth, and that on an exceedingly hot July day the Commander-in-Chief did not stand in the shade of the largest tree on Cambridge Common.

A certain amount of curiosity about the personality of Columbus is a natural outcome of what seems to be a generally accepted fact, that he was in command of a vessel which landed at Lisbon in the spring of the year 1493; and of the supplementary fact that, as a result of the stories which he told about his voyage, other persons have crossed the Atlantic in increasing numbers from that time to the present. Nothing else, before or since that year 1493, is of the slightest real consequence so far as Columbus's reputation is concerned. Other things relating to him are interesting, and are capable of being used for educational purposes if every anybody chooses to write about him with an understanding of human nature and the normal course of human affairs.

Everything that has any importance in relation to the Discoverer's personal career has been common property ever since Navarete printed the documents in his collection of voyages, in five volumes, published between 1825 and 1837. There has been plenty of opportunity for cogitation over the significance of each statement, made or implied in these documents, and the barren inaninity of these recent writings is fairly convincing proof that the historical facts may be accepted as they have been stated in all the commonplace books of the past hundred years.

If there is nothing new to say about the Discoverer of America, there is none the less a task imperatively calling for someone to perform it. This is to restate the facts so that the present and coming generations can comprehend them. If there is need of specialists to put the Book of Isaiah, and eventually the other parts of the Bible for which readers can be found, into the current language of the present-day world, the same thing will have to be done sooner or later with everything else that appeared in print before the year 1900, which seems worth perpetuating. Moreover, it is already evident that language alone will not suffice. A visual commentary must supplement what is expressed in words, if the latter are to penetrate the public intelligence. The Yale University Press, as the avowed protagonist of the visualization of American history, recognized its obligation to do this for Christopher Columbus.

The result is impressive, and perhaps epochal. The Press has produced "The Book of Christopher Columbus," in the form of a lyrical drama, written by the French Ambassador to the United States, one of the world's most eminent men of letters. Under his poet's touch, "the fifteenth century bursts into flame, the century of faith and banners, of new sciences, and the ageless visions that sent men to the rim of the earth." It is not only a lyrical, but a moving, and a talky, drama. Any expression of opinion regarding it would be unfair until it has been adequately screened.

It calls for a production that would tax the abilities of any less resourceful organization than that which has assumed the responsibility for it. The specifications show how far the present output from Hollywood falls short of anticipating the possibilities of the future. A trained mule is nothing new since Balaam's day, but a stage filled with trained and militant pigeons may take some time to synchronize with a dance by superbly gowned and superlatively ugly women. This is followed by a more difficult scene: "all the components of the story of Marco Polo, in agitation and disorder, all mixed and blurred, like infusory life in a drop of water under the microscope . . . travelers, ships, camels, Cipango, Cambaluc, the Palace of the Mogul Emperor, Saint Thomas, and Prester John. From time to time some things are more distinctly seen." While this is before the spectator's eyes, his ears will be following a dialogue on the stage between two Christopher Columbuses, a detail reminiscent of the dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Part two of the drama opens with America discovered, Columbus a distracted spirit, and the King of Spain talking with the Three Wise Men, presumably reincarnated. Their conversation bores the Chorus, which demands a ballet, "Something between a fandango and a *danse du ventre* . . . what this thing lacks is sex appeal." If one may judge from the hundred odd decorative illustrations by Jean Charlot, this Chorus must have been off-stage and out of the house much of the time during the earlier part of the production. The aforesaid appeal had been heeded, by other choruses, one of which might be recruited from the erstwhile Black Crook Company, and another from that of the not so erstwhile Earl Carroll. Comic relief is provided by a male chorus garbed as sailors in shorts with all the buttons cut off. The soubrette contributes a bath on top of a fountain spouted upward by a whale.

"And now it is time to find out what is happening in America at the moment when the long night previous to its birth is drawing to a close and when the first ray of sun will give it back to Life and Humanity," recites the Reader, or interlocutor, who continues: "On the seashore are gathering the foul, gory gods of darkness, the diseased and bloodthirsty monsters. They look anxiously toward the East." Thereupon enter the principal gods of the Aztecs, each answering "Here" as his name is called by the Beadle:

"Where is Panchacamac?" Ixtlipetzloc replies: "He is manufacturing fog by frying glaciers at the end of a fork." Beadle: "Where is Rxtxtchl—Krxtxkchtl—The plague take them! Where the devil did they find names like that? *He spits.*" Here, as occasionally elsewhere in the text, the reader might wonder whether this would be better expressed in French. Spitting, even when introduced as a dramatic climax, seems a little less crude in that language.

Blackasdeath and Dryasdust have a short conversation with the Mexican divinities, and then, in the margin: "New means must be used here to give an impression of disorder and chaos. Moving mirrors, revolving and deforming mirrors, moving pictures on moving painted screens, the hideous gods all mixed, sometimes feet upward, mingled with the stormy waves. All the gods tied to a monstrous rope engage in a tug of war with ever increasing strength and speed, producing an awesome, rasping noise." These two sentences, with their anti-climax ending in stormy waves and rasping noises, are typical of the whole production.

These Aztec gods waiting by the seashore are amply justified dramatically by the colorful scenic possibilities which they introduce. Historically, it is pure affectation of learning to recollect that Keats placed Cortes on a peak of Darien, where he never was, and that Columbus just missed the coast of Mexico, where the well-known story of the native soothsayers foretelling the coming of Cortes suggests a possible literary source for the idea elaborated in this scene. M. Claudel would not hesitate in his retort that he prefers to remain in the company of Keats.

Whatever else is thought of this book, nobody who buys it is likely to complain that he has not got his money's worth. He may not know what it is all about, but there are so many excuses for distraction that the hunt for sequence may easily fill many leisure hours. Text, decorations, stage directions, have been handled by the printer with kaleidoscopic skill, producing an ensemble that has a fair chance of becoming more famous even than the author's drama, as the first genuinely original American modernistic piece of printing. Whether it was the inspiration of genius or the result of frantic despair in the attempt to interpret the drama typographically, does not greatly matter. The result has originality, effectiveness, and it is like nothing that ever happened before, in this reviewer's experience, on this side of the Atlantic.

The first National Congress of Popular Traditions, held in Florence in May, 1929, has led to the foundation of a permanent institute of Italian Folklore, with headquarters at Florence, and correspondents in all parts of the country. The Institute will find the ground prepared and its work facilitated by the Gentile system of primary education which lays stress on keeping up local customs and traditions and by the Fascist Afterwork Association, which is successfully encouraging the revival of folk songs.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Our World in Epitome

ANGEL PAVEMENT. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

MR. PRIESTLEY'S first long (very long) novel, "The Good Companions," was a delightful book which has pleased, and will continue to please, large numbers of English and American readers. It was a jolly, rambling, picaresque sort of tale in an older tradition of leisurely and somewhat formless novel writing, filled with odd characters, humorous, tolerant, digressive—in a word, Dickensian. Not that Mr. Priestley was a slavish imitator of Dickens, far from it; he had his own resolute tone of voice; but "The Good Companions" was definitely in the Dickens manner. It was nowhere so irresisitibly comic as Dickens at his comic best, nor was it anywhere so nauseously sentimental as Dickens at his worst. If Mr. Priestley (of "The Good Companions") had less fire in his belly than Dickens, yet there were real compensations—compensations flowing from a stricter culture and self-discipline, a finer balance and taste.

And now Mr. Priestley has surpassed the hopes aroused by "The Good Companions." He has transcended traditions. "The Good Companions" was merely, perhaps, "good reading." His new novel, "Angel Pavement," is work of a higher order. It is not perfect—few performances are perfect, but it has the feel of greatness in it. "Angel Pavement" is seasoned and masterly, a splendid example of characteristically English fictional art.

First of all, it has form—organic form. Dispensing with anything in the nature of an elaborated plot, it has a clear, natural beginning—a consistent and moving symphonic development, a perfect and satisfying close. But best of all, it contains at least four characters presented with a reality, both physical and psychological, that could hardly be surpassed. Mr. Golspie, Mr. Smeeth, the wretched Turgis, and Miss Matfield exist—living creatures—complete creations. And (for the present reviewer, at least) the greatest of these is Mr. Smeeth. Finally, this exceptional novel gains significance throughout as a searching, unsentimental, yet always humane criticism of life. There is no nonsense in Mr. Priestley; he can look at life as straight and hard as the next one, and he has no panaceas to offer, whether cheap or merely nasty; but he is never cynical, never wanton-only cruel, never less than the stature of a thoroughly disillusioned yet thoroughly poised and soundhearted man.

"Angel Pavement" is a tiny street in modern commercial London—"a typical City side-street, except that it is shorter, narrower, and dingier than most." It is also an epitome of our ugly commercialized and mechanized contemporary world. Life, of a sort, goes on there in certain offices—in the offices of Twigg & Dersingham, among others, a far from important or prosperous firm dealing in veneers. Out of this commonplace environment, peopled with specimens of our average humanity, Mr. Priestley has wrought an absorbing and (for the philosophical mind) almost terrifying story.

It is not for a reviewer to retell that story. It is enough for him to say that he has read few contemporary stories that seem to him better told—or better worth the telling and reading. "And," as Mr. Golspie remarked on leaving London and the wreck of many hopes behind him, "that's that."

Frustrated Women

A NOTE IN MUSIC. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

ASSOCIATION with the literary lives of frustrated women need not be a sterile or negative experience for the reader. The sufferings of an Emma Bovary and the warped futility of an Adrienne Mesurat sink deep into the subsoil misery of humanity and create therefrom a vitalizing sense of pity. When a Carol Kennicott or a Lulu Bett revolts against her thwarting environment, the typical tyrannies of human behavior take on new meaning and these women become to us symbols of their kind.

It is in the company of such heroines that Grace Fairfax belongs, a woman who seems to her husband cold, barren, and unreal, who is judged by the small world about her to be lazy and inefficient, but who recognizes in herself a muddler of latent potentialities, a brooding, critical, poetical creature stifled only by the inertia of her environment and by constant contact with an unimaginative husband.

For a summer Grace builds a secret, warming fire within herself from her chance encounters with a happy, care-free, self-assured young man who is hardly aware of her existence. Then Hugh casually leaves town—the last scene between them is one of the best in the book—and the little spark lighted by his effortless gaiety and kindness goes out, charring the empty pages of her life to nothingness as it dies away. "I should have been beautiful, had love fulfilled me," she thinks, for she had seen her own beauty coming to meet her just once and then later had seen it "passing her in the distance and bidding her farewell."

Another woman who, too, yearns emptily for the fulfilment of love and beauty is Grace's friend. Norah, who spends her life shielding her moody husband from the unpleasant contact that he wishes to escape, wins for herself only the ironical bitterness of a man resentful of her efforts to protect him. She, like Grace, finds the stuffy cupboard of her existence swept fresh for an instant by the air of careless rightness, the ease and distinction of Hugh and his sister. Then for her also the doors close again, leaving her breathing heavily in a space grown darker and narrower than before.

That Rosamond Lehmann, who wrote the tensely young and emotionally glamorous "Dusty Answer" should have chosen such drab heroines for her second novel will disappoint many of her readers. That she has not through them reached out to grasp the vaster possibilities of her subject will disappoint the critics. There are yeasty bubbles of wisdom that rise ever and again through the stodgy mass of the tale, revealing the sure power working within. Miss Lehmann has imaginative insight; she writes competently and often with distinction. But unfortunately in this novel she has allowed herself to be circumscribed by a theme that, to become important, must be transcended.

America Concentrated

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. BROMFIELD belongs to that class of novelists which in every generation since the novel consolidated itself from romance and picaresque adventure has been a boon to curious readers and a source for the historian of manners. He is, like Galsworthy in England, an observer and a summer-up of current custom, current type, and current ideas and his series of novels is likely to be often excerpted from by those writers who in the next age will try to describe the America that was in the early nineteen hundreds.

He lacks the poignant sympathies of Galsworthy and the Englishman's social conscience, and this lack, while it keeps him from descending into the moralistic, gives his novels a quality of surface which, however, is not superficiality. He is probably incapable of a Soames Forsyte, who is England in so deep a sense that it is impossible to say where the individual ends and the type begins. Perhaps the difference is still better shown between the shallow, discontented, Fanny of this book, whose frail fabric of character is torn into petulance by a passion which despises its subject, and Galworthy's Irene, where the passion is equally irresistible but the woman its mate if not its master. All of which is merely to say that Galsworthy seeks three dimensions where Bromfield is content with two.

But Bromfield's surface is good surface and most shrewdly contrived. His talent is admirably adapted to the tempo of American life where change seems more significant than endurance. He has the reporter's eye for the news of the town, and far more than the reporter's skill in assigning effects to causes. His characters are always faintly reminiscent of someone recently known or seen, and if this sometimes lessens the imaginative content of his fictions it enhances their interest. His best novels are documented commentaries on the "stories" which the papers publish every day.

Instead of Galsworthy's humanitarianism he has for philosophy a great gusto for living, and an intense sympathy with men and women who realize themselves in action, regardless of the ultimate effects (which I do not think he often considers) of that action upon self-estimate or spiritual content. The suppressed and the thwarted are to him the only tragedies. Those who fail by too much giving are his heroines: those who get what they want are his heroes. And yet this philosophy is only a temperamental attitude which determines the kind of people he writes about, but does not warp his stories. Be hard, but not too hard, live decently, but in any case live, might sum up his morality.

In this very interesting and readable story, "Twenty-Four Hours," he has concentrated the kind of observation which pleases him best. It begins with a dinner at which are ranged an American series of men and women, every one typical, who have lost or made themselves by too much withholding or by a firm yielding to circumstances in pursuit of realization. The dinner is boredom, distress, and envy—the rest of the night and the remaining hours of the twenty-four are pursued by Nemesis. The physical security of Sutton Place is only across the street from an area in which a corpse is dumped, just as old Savinia's Murray Hill stronghold backs upon a love nest where Rosie Dugan is murdered, and a gunman slips out to his death. That is New York, and sensational as is this story, Bromfield does not deal in improbabilities, and his compression of incident is never melodrama. I shall not tell the story in which the romance and casualty of two generations are most cleverly brought to a focus. It seems more interesting to point out that in this typical Bromfield novel success or failure is neither death, nor marriage, nor money, but entirely a question of how fully the subject has drunk of life. Fanny is going to be reconciled to her husband, but she is a failure. Rosie Dugan was unhappy and is dead by strangulation, but she is a success. Melbourne and Mrs. Wintringham have shady pasts and ambiguous futures but they are determined to find values in living that are values not conventions or escapes. They succeed. And old Savinia at sixty-nine shuffles her vast body on its little feet out of the story's end to seek the only prospect left for her of human contact that has an emotional content.

The technique of this twenty-four hour symposium is admirable. It is a group of short stories, not in sequence, nor merely interlocked by character relationships, but woven into a real novel with exact proportion and relevance in every part. Indeed, Bromfield is an excellent story-teller. His narrative sense is so good that he would go far even if he had no especial acuteness of observation. It is furtunate that the diversified contour of his American scene is so just in its surface relationships, for his skill as an adept in narrative will always command many readers, who will see America through his eyes.

Coming Back

(*Continued from page* 133)

not hesitate to make movie pictures of the illustrious dead. The debunking motive has passed, and neither novelty nor justice characterizes this brood of imitators. Their chosen subjects are presented along the lines of a plot, with theme and motive, type and recurrence, constantly emphasized as in a novel. They do not intend to write fiction, but the next generation will say that they have done so.

Humor is coming back. Insensibly, almost, it is stealing in under the sour looks of the next-to-youngest generation, and with it comes just a trickle of pathos. It seemed for a while that we were strangling humor. In the attempt to Face Reality and Get Through the Shams, we dug down to hard pan, which, as every one knows, is poor soil for the juicier growths. Wit there has been in plenty, and some rather good bawdry, but life has not been loved much lately, and without some love of life, humor is impossible. There is nothing humorous in chaos, which is what living has seemed to many modern writers. Hormones, genes, complexes, electrons, economic urges, can be funny perhaps, but not truly humorous, not while you are afraid of them. And yet the new books show that some of the stouter spirits have been reflecting that in a universe where doubt has been cast upon pretty much everything, the humorous attitude was perhaps not merely an escape from life, was just possibly an absolute in itself, and quite as valid as grim-held systems or the mordant cynicism of the wearied young. At all events it is coming back, in half a dozen books, a chastened humor, more subtle, less physical, sharper, if not wiser, than Dickens and Mr. Dooley. For not even humor repeats itself, and humor especially will be aware of the depths as well as the lightnesses of the times in which it glows. It was a scabrous England in which Falstaff uttered his immortal philosophy.

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Informing the Unformed

TWO things to which I have lately listened I have found unusually interesting; each of them by itself and, even more, both of them combined.

The first was a remark made by Dr. Woodbridge shortly before he resigned his administrative work as dean of the graduate faculties in Columbia University, that he might give more full attention to his teaching as Seth Low Professor of Philosophy. "After seventeen years," he said, "as head of what is in numbers the largest, and in reputation not the least, graduate school in America, I am certain of at least one thing, marked and progressive decrease in the intellectual maturity of those graduates of our American colleges who present themselves for advanced scholarly training." Dr. Woodbridge has declared this a number of times. He has even included something like it in his valedictory report to the president of his university.

It is a startling charge to make, especially when it is recalled that the dean is speaking not of average graduates but of that cream of them which desires and asks the stern training of graduate study and research. It is also interesting—in view of the vast sums spent on collegiate development in the last two decades, advertised strides in the development of what at least pretends to be a "science of education," confident assertions of pedagogical theorists, free curricula, personnel study schemes, psychological tests, general examinations, and all the other plausible devices for getting better and better college education—to note not merely that Dean Woodbridge finds intellectual immaturity in graduate students prevalent, but also that he deems this to be something which is definitely increasing year by year. Finally, it is not perhaps without significance that, despite his having repeated the charge on a number of occasions, nobody—in his own university or elsewhere—has ventured so far to deny the truth of what he says. If it be the business of our educational system to produce, among those who present themselves for scholarly specialization, a considerable group of persons who, once they are through college, can do intellectual work of reasonable maturity and competence, then our educational system would seem to be less and less effective. This is a disturbing thought; and somehow it stays in one's mind, despite all the efforts of cheerful persons to charm one into serenity by assurances that illiteracy is decreasing among us, or that many more children than used go on nowadays to secondary school and college. These things are, to be sure, sources of joy; but still the horrid picture remains of an increasing immaturity at the top of the intellectual pile—of a world dominated and directed by retarded adolescents. Peter Pan is a charming figure in fantasy; but a real world led by little boys who have never grown up is a concept which has nightmare possibilities.

What is rotten in Denmark? In the immortal play, the thing that was rotten was that the kingdom was in the hands of people who were hopelessly immature. From platitudinous Polonius to heady Hamlet himself, all the characters seem intent on approaching serious problems with the windy mind of adolescence. Not a single one of them is capable of thinking a problem through with recognition of facts, exercise of logic, or a disciplined imagination. That is what makes Hamlet a tragedy. It may make American culture, if this "progressive deterioration" goes on much further, also a tragedy. This calm and certain charge of a cautious and benevolent dean, a charge to which seven out of ten competent educational observers probably give assent, while even the other three will not vigorously deny, seems decidedly worth attention.

The second thing to which I have lately given interested heed was a symposium on secondary school education. The place was Atlantic City. The occasion was the meeting of a society which has a most mouth-filling title, The Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in the Middle States and Maryland. This A.C.S.S.M.S. and M. is an old, respectable body with a generally conservative reputation. It has for years rated the worth of the colleges in its territory, and its judgments carry great weight. Of late it has begun the huge task of similarly estimating public and private secondary schools in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. For an entire morning there was discussed the question of what such secondary schools ought properly to teach.

There seemed to be a general agreement among those present that such schools were going to teach those things, and only those things, which might seem to them best. There was henceforth to be paid little or no regard, for instance, to opinions of the colleges. It was openly stated, to large applause, that by steering good students to complacent colleges and away from those which had old-fashioned entrance expectations, the schools could break down any and all resistance from above. As for the possible desire or opinion in the premises of those who happened to be parents, that was not even mentioned. One of the first assumptions of American education seems to be that fathers and mothers are invariably incompetent and that teachers, under the direction of skilled "scientists in education," are the proper and infallible guides of youth. Unfortunately, most parents are in fact deeply impressed by the current mumbo-jumbo obfuscation created by school masters as a class; and consequently the group of which we are speaking was perhaps excusable in ignoring altogether parental opinion. At any rate, it was calmly assumed that those "professionally trained teachers" who do now already control our secondary schools—but who do not as yet, despite heroic efforts, control the colleges, are going to dictate, without the veto of anybody whatsoever, exactly what is to be the intellectual training of American boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

To all of this I listened from the first with interest, for I knew that they spoke the more than possible truth about their immense power and the probable development thereof. And then, as they went on talking, all of a sudden that interest turned into alarm, for I remembered Dr. Woodbridge's complaint. The immaturity of incipient scholars, the increasing childishness of American culture, was due to these same good, fine, earnest, and sincere men who were calmly talking. As they outlined their ideal program for the future secondary school, it was apparent that they were concerned a great deal with informing and broadening the young minds committed to their charge, but that they failed to realize the necessity of strengthening and maturing those minds. In former days it had been assumed that the business of schools was the training of minds to function rather than the imparting of any information. It was assumed that people with trained minds could be trusted to acquire information on their own hook. These gentlemen were all for broadening, what they called "orientating," evidently on the assumption that this was the school's business, and that their young charges would mature automatically. But, so observers of higher education insisted, that was not what was taking place. It was quite evident that many of the best of their boys and girls were not maturing at all.

WHAT, according to these men who were talking so earnestly, appeared to be the ideal curriculum for a secondary school? Their prescription may sound incredible to those who have not troubled to keep abreast these latter years of the progress in "educational science." One of these speakers was a professor, a well-known professor, in one of our greatest teachers' colleges. Another was a master in one of the most respected private boarding schools, an institution which in the past—somewhat less lately—has been known for its keen-minded, far-thinking graduates. These men, and others nearly as well known as they, spoke as with authority; and none dared, or cared, to say them nay. In details they differed from one another; but they seemed to agree that the secondary school should teach five things. These were: *stimulating literature* (but not grammar, rhetoric, "letters" generally, all of which were pronounced difficult, dull, and even demoralizing); *science* (but as a series of great proven theories, with little or no emphasis upon such a stupid thing as laboratory technique); *social sciences* (which meant history—not the fact and date kind but "social interpretation," and "what our government is like"); *appreciation of art* (but not, apparently, any piano practice or voice production or drill with modeling tools and pencil); and *mathematics* (with strong protest against old-fashioned algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and great stress upon "mathematics as related to life"). Other things were regarded as of scarcely any moment whatever.

It would be easy to make fun of this best intentioned of curricula. Almost anybody could point out that no literature can be really stimulating to any boy or girl who has not been taught to read, write, and speak accurately, and that the inner beauty of literary style is imperceptible except to one who has himself or herself learned the bitter difficulty of making those recalcitrant servants, words, obey the inner will and truly mirror man's ideas. There would still seem to be some necessity for spelling, grammar, rhetoric. It could be said with equal ease and truth, that to every reputable scientist science is a method for getting at sensible facts, and is not —except incidentally and always under suspicion— at all a set of theories; and further that scientists know, even though pedagogues forget it, that a scientist can be made only after weary years of meticulous laboratory routine. As for the social sciences, if they *are* sciences, they too involve gruelling technical drill, facilities for which cannot exist in any secondary school ever seen in any country, and an opportunity for which involves freedom for research impossible to boys and girls; or, if they are *not* sciences, they are very likely indeed to degenerate into sheer sentimentality on the one hand or dogmatic demagoguery on the other. As for the fine arts, artists at least know that trying to teach "appreciation" of them is little more than nonsense. Criticism of the arts belongs properly to the initiated; and the initiation consists in long, routine practice by which one learns at least a little how to make form, sound, color, obey one's will. To say that a teacher can instruct little Willie, a boy who cannot make any music and would not if he could, in how to appreciate Bach or Ravel, or lead Mary Jane, who reluctantly pretends to try to draw once in a while, because she must or else "go to the principal," properly to estimate Corot or Matisse, is almost grotesque. As for "mathematics related to life," ever since that convention I have been asking every mathematician that I could lay hold on what such a thing might be; and not a one of them has had the faintest idea, unless possibily such a subject might consist of a few simple tricks in mensuration. A number of them have indignantly insisted that since mathematics is the only absolute science, life must be related to it, and not the other way about.

It would not be difficult thus to make a joke out of these proposals, but it would be unwise merely so to do. This is a matter of considerable seriousness. There may result a great deal of educational malpractice, none the less to be regretted because the mal-practitioners are for the most part well-meaning people. Nor is it right ever to employ the weapon of ridicule against those who are deeply and conscientiously in earnest. These pedagogues contend with all seriousness that proper education is factual education—if only one can make the field of facts both immediate to the student and widening to his interest—instead of functional, as the older pedagogy has always insisted. In their desire to be progressive some of us think they have reverted to the most primitive of educational notions, namely that of an educated man as one who merely has related himself to his obvious environment; and that they have forgotten a truth which man has struggled long to learn, that a really mature person is one who, having discovered his environment, has learned how to relate that environment to himself courageously and successfully. Their curriculum seems to many people an evidence of their own definite immaturity. But, inadequate though the theory may be, those who hold it are more and more assuming control of the training of our boys and girls. They bully the colleges, dominate conventions and journals, impart their ideas to larger and larger numbers of those being trained for teaching, and are already turning many bright children, who might have become mature thinkers and true scholars, into somewhat superficial dabblers, impatient alike of labor and of logic. This is no subject for laughter.

"Give me the reward without the quest; the prize

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by Bernard Iddings Bell

without the training for the race; Easter without the Cross; heaven without probation; wages without the work; a master's prestige without a master's skill; a trade without an apprenticeship." That seems to be a spirit widely prevalent in our day, and especially in America. How much this very modern educational practice is a reflection of the current desire to attain by affirmation instead of by hard labor, how much this absurd expectation is the result of the newer education, it would be difficult to determine; but that the two have some connection would seem to be plain enough. Back of all the emphasis upon informing and "orientating" adolescents is surely the conviction that at least the trade of thinking can be learned without much of any apprenticeship,—that minds of young men sprout out by nature, like their beards, only that unlike beards they do not even need to be trimmed or shaved.

Somehow or other, there are a good many people who do not think that this is so. Exactly as a wood-worker must laboriously learn how to saw and plane and chisel and nail before he can be expected to make decent bits of carpentering; as a painter must master by hard discipline the manipulation of color, the organization of composition, the delineation of perspective, the subordination of detail, before he can be expected to produce a picture that any one but a baby will bother to look at; as a musician, before he can compose or perform, must learn what it means to make pure sounds and to combine them in harmonies and rhythms: even so he who would be a man of intellect must by long drill learn to do four things. He must learn how to experience accurately through his senses; to feel and evaluate other persons; to understand and accurately to use language, that thereby he may augment his own small experience from that recorded by others; and to think abstractly. Anybody who can do these four things with reasonable competence will arrive at something that approaches maturity. One who is thus trained can usually be entrusted to find out for himself, without any teachers to help him, the facts that he needs to know.

THE business of a university is not to impart such training, but rather to furnish facilities for persons who have been so trained to become great scholars, that thereby truth may be the better known and life become more rich. Nor is it the business of a college, as distinct from a graduate university, to give the major portion of such training already partly begun, and then to initiate the undergraduate into the joys of scholarly proficiency. Neither the college nor the university can do its proper work if from the schools appear collegiate freshmen who have come to the age of eighteen or so with untrained minds. This is true no matter how widely they have been "orientated." Fairly and squarely the blame for what is more and more wrong with American intellectuality, rests upon the schools rather than upon institutions of a higher and more technical sort.

As a plain matter of fact, most college freshmen, charming lads and lasses though in many ways they be, cannot do the things that may reasonably be expected of them. They cannot look at a thing and tell you what they see; listen to sounds and know what it is they hear; by the touch truly perceive form; know how others feel and why; read, write, speak with any sure knowledge of how words are to be handled or of what other people's phrases really mean; or, finally, think in general terms as distinct from specific and concrete things. It is difficult properly to teach them science when they know next to nothing about sense perceptiveness; to instruct them in morals, manners, politics, history or religion, until they have learned to evaluate and respect other persons; to impart knowledge of philosophy to those who do not know what "abstract" means; or to do much of anything with them until one has taught them to read, write, and speak. In consequence, colleges with sadness expect to devote at least half of the four short years in which they have their students to an attempt to supply to those students the training which ought previously to have been given. At eighteen years of age, an English lad or one on the continent, if he has mind enough to justify his going to the university, is ready for the university. At the same age in this country he is mostly an untrained young cub. It takes the Junior College years and sometimes the Senior College years as well, to lick him into such shape that he may begin to work for himself at a scholarly task. The most tragic part of this tragic situation is that frequently it is then too late to do anything with him. An undergraduate with flabby mental habits acquired in a school where he has been permitted to devote his best formative years to playing around in the fields of general information, is often incapable of learning later on even the elements of the trade of thought. It used to be true that only the dull or the lax were failed out of college; but nowadays many a boy or girl must leave whose innate intelligence is all right and who is truly industrious, but who has never been taught the elements of thinking, who is the victim of school malpractice. Rather than let such men depart, the college is tempted and sometimes is actually forced to lower its expectations and become a sort of hospital for delayed adolescents. No wonder the graduate and professional schools are a little alarmed.

It is not necessary to maintain, and there are few who do maintain, that the subjects taught in the old-fashioned school were the only ones proper for the training of boys and girls in the trade of thinking, the only ones adequately designed to prepare men and women for the college, the university, the professions, maturity in general. That the old-fashioned school did do this work better than the school common among us today is nearly a certainty. The Latin and the Greek did teach the science of language. In old time there was no instruction at all in English, but young people who had learned how to use the dead languages found themselves surprisingly proficient in the use of their own living tongue. The enforced courtesy, good manners, and religion, which characterized the older schools imparted what was at least an illuminating sort of second nature which did reveal human values. The use of symbols and graphs in algebra and geometry and the insistence upon the supremacy of logic in mathematics generally did make for abstract thinking. Only in science was the old curriculum definitely defective. But the newer training has not remedied that defect, while it has weakened all around the rest of the discipline. It may very likely be that there are other things which can be substituted for the traditional subjects of study; but surely nothing ought to be allowed to replace as desirable the older functional objectives. Those who advocate the newer sort of thing seem to suppose that their critics are objecting merely because they do not longer teach the ancient languages or the other particular subjects sanctioned by tradition. That is not in the least the real source of criticism. As a matter of fact, nobody except themselves cares very much what subjects they do teach or do not teach. The point is that the older schools taught their students, and that the newer schools mostly do not.

Perhaps the time has arrived for a revolt against those who are now in control of American schools, a revolt not in the name of reaction but in the name of common sense, a revolt against a radicalism which seems to believe that in things of the mind there need be no roots whatever, a revolt against an attempt to conserve all the facts while ignoring the human factor. If such a revolt is possible, and there are indications that the demand for it is becoming stronger and more hopeful every day, possibly Dean Woodbridge's successor twenty-five years from now may have a less sorrowful lament.

Bernard Iddings Bell, author of the foregoing article, is Warden of St. Stephen's College, and professor of religion at Columbia University. He is a frequent contributor to the Saturday Review *and is the author of a number of books, among which are "Right and Wrong after the War," "Postmodernism and Other Essays," "Common Sense in Education," and "Beyond Agnosticism." From* 1913-1918 *Dr. Bell was dean of St. Paul's Cathedral Church, Oak Park, Ill., and also examining chaplain to the bishops of Fond du Lac, and from* 1917-1919 *was aide to the senior chaplain of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He has been a preacher at various universities.*

The Religion of Tomorrow

THE QUEST OF THE AGES. By A. Eustace Haydon. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Benjamin B. Bacon

PROFESSOR Haydon occupies the chair of Comparative Religion in the University of Chicago and directs his extensive knowledge of the history of thought and emotion in this field to an appreciation of the drift of modern religion. He anticipates for the religion of tomorrow a service greater than the impulse and stimulus of religion in the past, the imperishable instinct which has urged humanity from its beginnings to the Quest of the Ages. "Taken naturalistically,' the religions of the world may be understood as the manifold ways in which human life has sought to mold a cosmic process to the service of man's growing ideal. The living heart of every one of them was the quest for the values of the good life to be enjoyed by all." But the condition of realizing this future service is the "formulation of a new philosophy of religion out of the materials of the natural, social, and religious sciences." The modern world demands for its religious need "a new humanism."

The new humanism has a strange resemblance to the old anthropomorphism. It purports to stand upon the positivism of Comte, but in so far as it aims to reenlist the reverence, devotion, and awe of the religion of the past it must perforce find a dim unknown in the shadow of its projection of ennobled humanity. Otherwise it can hardly escape the characterization "religion with its head cut off."

* * *

Professor Haydon writes with great persuasiveness in a limpid and noble style worthy of his great subject. It recalls without resembling the grandeur of Martineau. The reader will follow easily and with deep interest his demonstration of how "underlying all the manifold modes of the religious ideal is an elemental thing—man's dream of happiness in a world that denied his dream." The awakening of the age of science and conquest to a new form of religion is also described in words which stir the soul.

> Today men do not wait for heaven. They deliberately undertake to change this world—to make it yield satisfactions. . . . That the world can be reshaped to give the joys of living is unquestionable. It is being done—in spots—for a few. To do it for all men is the challenge of religion.

Perhaps the reader may be disposed to question this "unquestionable" proposition. Only too gladly would we see the kingdom of heaven suffering violence and men of violence taking it by force. The real question will seem to others, perhaps, whether shaping the world to give the joys of living is an adequate goal for the Quest of the Ages. In an earlier age it was defined "that ye may be sons and daughters of the Highest." That was mere anthropomorphism. But there may be even yet something to be learned from naïve anthropomorphism.

Philosophers

SIX roan bullocks with a black one in the middle
Chew the cud solemnly, wag the lower jaw;
Couched in a pensive gloam that late rays riddle,
They behold the majesties of metaphysic law.

Everything is horn and hoof in their bovine heaven;
Man, the comic biped, forking down their hay,
Struts, a shape unreal to the Mystic Seven
Dreaming of the Mangold that passes not away.

Geoffrey Johnson.

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Books of Special Interest

Logic and Philosophy

THE PRACTICE OF PHILOSOPHY. By SUSANNE K. LANGER. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by STERLING P. LAMPRECHT
Amherst College

MRS. LANGER (who teaches philosophy at Radcliffe College) has written an introduction to philosophy that differs greatly from most books of similar intent. She has written a book that is interesting (which most introductions to philosophy are not) and free from the countlessisms (which most elementary books in philosophy wearisomely catalogue and boil down to barren formulæ).

The unique feature of Mrs. Langer's book is a competent (though elementary) explanation of what so-called symbolic logic has been up to in recent years and of the significance of this logic for other branches of philosophy. Instead of trying to condense historic systems of past centuries into brief compass Mrs. Langer makes her readers cognizant of one of the most important and significant developments of contemporary thought. She explains what is meant by *forms*, forms that are the eternal patterns of all actual and possible existences. She expounds the meaning of meaning, the nature of symbolism, and the relation of the logical development of abstract forms to the discovery of truth about existence. She has done this task with vigor and clarity, so that college undergraduates and the general reader (for whom the book is probably intended) may grasp what recent advances in logic are about.

Many philosophers will perhaps agree with me in objecting to the general conception of philosophy which runs through Mrs. Langer's book, a conception which, though it does not mar her explanation of recent logical doctrines, seems an unnecessary and mistaken further contention. Mrs. Langer contrasts sciences as empirical with philosophy as rational. Sciences pursue a knowledge of facts, while philosophy pursues understanding of meanings. Science investigates causal connections, while philosophy investigates logical connections or implications. This contrast seems to me to imply a too great divorce between empirical investigation of things and rational development of meanings; it seems to me to neglect the large place that rational inference plays in all science and to limit philosophy too much to the purely logical system-making in which recent logicians have proved so brilliantly competent.

Mrs. Langer defines philosophy as "the systematic study of meanings," apart from examination of the truth of these meanings about the concrete world of existence. In her introductory chapter she reviews and rejects other conceptions of philosophy. Yet, despite Mrs. Langer, philosophy has really been at times a speculative discussion of "the residue of unsolved problems," as William James said. And it has been at other times an effort to achieve "a sum-total of scientific knowledge," as Paulsen maintained. Still again it has often been "a love of wisdom" without much understanding of any technique by which such wisdom could be obtained. Philosophy has been all these and many other things. What Mrs. Langer should have done, it seems to me, is to show that philosophy has been many different things to various people and would *for her* be only "the systematic study of meanings."

But on that conception of the nature of philosophy, philosophy becomes identified more than Mrs. Langer seems to realize with logic. It seems to me entirely false to say that "logic, metaphysics, mathematics, theology, theory of values, theory of knowledge, all are systems produced by developing the implications of a few fundamental ideas." Pure mathematics and logic (in Mrs. Langer's sense) are just what she says they are. But none of the other branches of philosophy is such; at least it could not be such and be of much account. Metaphysics aims, not at construction of possible worlds, but at accurate formulation of the most general traits of the actual world; it must be as empirical, if it is to be worth anything, as chemistry or history. Theology aims to reach truth about certain existences also, whether it succeeds or not. Theory of values must empirically describe values and show where and how they may be procured. Theory of knowledge must empirically describe what knowledge is and by what processes it is obtainable, just as biology describes living beings. The fact that logicians can isolate certain *forms* and consider them apart from empirical investigations should be made as clear as Mrs. Langer makes it. But the whole enterprise of philosophy can hardly be absorbed into this phase of logic. It seems to me quite wrong to say that "knowledge of the possible. . . . is, in the truest sense, cosmic knowledge." Knowledge of the possible is exciting in itself (as recent logical developments have proved) and is instructive in stretching the human imagination to unsuspected insights. But knowledge of the possible is not knowledge of the actual; and the cosmos is the actually existing world. And furthermore knowledge of the possible is as important a phase of physical and social science as of any branch of philosophy, and it alone no more enables most branches of philosophy to reach satisfactory outcomes than it would enable science to dispense with empirical investigation.

Hence I would rename Mrs. Langer's book. She has not really written a book that describes "the practice of philosophy." She has rather written a book that makes vividly clear "the practice of contemporary logic." But within these limits she has written so well that many may profit from following her thought through her absorbing pages.

Isolation and Imperialism

THE IMPERIAL DOLLAR. By HIRAM MOTHERWELL. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $3.50.

WHY WE FOUGHT. By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN. New York: Vanguard Press. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BINKLEY

IT has often been remarked that the World War was a godsend to the historians. It gave them many new things to explain, and guaranteed them an audience that would listen to their lectures and read their books. The profound ignorance of recent European history which had rendered our diplomats as gullible as our public was rightly seen as a blemish in our national culture. As if to compensate for its previous indifference, the public turned to an intense curiosity regarding European history, and came to evince a much greater interest in learning how the European nations came to fight with one another in 1914 than in understanding how we came to participate in their war in 1917. For ten years our historians, journalists, publishers, and editors participated in a gladiatorial combat on the War Guilt question. And no one attempted to reëxamine the issues of the moral crisis through which our country passed between the January day when Wilson called upon the world to make peace without victory and the April evening when he asked America to resort to arms to make the world safe for democracy.

Mr. Grattan has now raised rather than answered the question "Why We Fought." In the first part of his book he leans to the view that we fought at the behest of a public which had been influenced by Entente propaganda; in the second part he holds rather that the public loathed the prospect of war, and that the executive was out of touch with and unresponsive to the opinion of the country. In his criticism of executive policy he reopens all the questions of neutral rights debated during the war, always finding for the Germans and against the British. He is successful in showing that we gave away a strong case when we abandoned the basis of the Declaration of London in discussing the rights of our commerce with the British. But his criticism of American policy, taken as a whole, is just as inconsistent as the policy he criticizes. He deplores the sacrifice of American rights to Great Britain, but commends Bryan for wishing to sacrifice them to Germany. He praises Bryan for suggesting mediation in 1914, and condemns House for not abandoning the idea in 1915. He is so impressed by the evidence of pro-Entente sympathies in Wilson and House that he does not give due weight to the fact that the "Peace without Victory" proposal for a settlement much more nearly approximated the German than the Entente ideal.

Mr. Grattan's views upon almost every point in American policy can be discovered by a simple method: find out what it was that America did; it will appear that he would have done the exact opposite. In fact, the author is less eager to explain why we fought than to prove that we should not have fought at all. Nevertheless, his is not only the best book on the subject, but, with the exception of Turner's "Shall It Be Again?" the only book on the subject.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH the passing of years, in a continuing study of the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, his success as an innovator becomes more and more apparent. The progress of his quiet creation has not been an entirely even progress, but when one compares it with the development of the talents of most of his contemporaries it gathers to itself an astonishing mass and variety of accomplishment. Our best modern American poets seem to have worked at their highest pitch for but a few years. Then, if death did not intervene, we continued to hear their voices in repetition, and in a less striking repetition, of their most characteristic utterance. A few with the inevitable lessening of the lyrical impulse seemed rather to go to pieces. They were no longer surprised by impetuous inspiration. They were neither self-critical enough nor assiduous enough sagaciously to build on their initial promises, developing their most native virtues, discarding the experimentation that proved uncharacteristic. Robinson, more than any of them, save perhaps Robert Frost, was able wisely to weigh his particular powers, to proceed along the individual trail he had blazed at the start.

It may be said, even then, that the Robinsonian manner has frequently become mannerism, that he *has* repeated himself, that—in a sense—he has "gone droning on." But usually at the moment when this feeling had accumulated to the proportions of a conviction some new creation of the poet's made its unobtrusive appearance with force and freshness sufficient to cause the gossipers to look a little silly. To be sure, his idiom has never changed. Why should it? It is entirely characteristic of the man, it is his identity. In this idiom he has continually conquered new provinces. That is the important thing.

We were speaking of his innovations. Robinson began by a remarkable transforming of the sonnet into a vehicle for the presentation of a novel *in petto*. He brought a new tone into the lyric. Since Browning, more than any other English poet, dealt in his poems with the complications of the lives of imagined characters, Browning as forerunner to Robinson was a matter immediately noted. It has almost unexceptionally suited Robinson better to invent a tale of what happened to a cast of characters that he could observe with detachment than to express himself in the first person, except as the onlooker. Browning also. But none can be student both of Browning and of Robinson and not be able to distinguish them at the first fall of an accent. There is less similarity in the speaking voice of their poetry than even between Browning and George Meredith. Robinson early presented his own manner of dramatic lyric, he has proceeded from that to psychological analysis in long poems in blank verse. Browning did the same. But there is a robustness, a romanticism, a quiddity, to Browning that Robinson entirely lacks; and —in spite of all charges of "obscurity"— there is a clarity to Robinson's language that was impossible to Browning. Browning is a giant laboring up a steep hill with spasmodic exclamations, objurgations, apparently random pithy remarks that suddenly shape into an enthralling parable or highly significant story. Robinson allows himself merely the soberest or dryest "asides." They are well-weighed, they have not the lightning-flash of intuition, the sudden wildly elliptical aptitude of Browning's, but they are levelled shafts, and they tell.

In handling his moderns, aside from his historical figures, Browning was dealing, naturally, with the conventions of his day. Robinson, in dealing with his own day, deals no less with conventional life—though both poets also analyzed certain aspects of bohemian existence. Both poets examined "failures" sympathetically. Both dissect human catastrophe, and, in dissecting

invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual thoughts;
Some variegated story, in the main
Lofty . .

as Wordsworth said. But "the unsubstantial structure" does not melt, as with Wordsworth, "mist into air dissoving." Robinson gives us real people of flesh and blood in his Arthurian poems. (It is fascinating to speculate what Browning might have done with the Court of King Arthur!) Both poets, unable somehow to write drama that satisfies the demands of the actual stage, are most profoundly dramatists, even as they are both psychologists of a high order. Nor does Robinson bring the "patter" of modern psychology to bear upon his direct or indirect analysis of character. His first concern is to present human beings in action. His chief comment is upon fatality. He proceeds, with Browning, on broad bases. Browning, whose sense of life's ironies remains profoundly alien to the sophomoric half-wittedness that will forever be snickering over "God's in his heaven" (without even an elementary knowledge of the poem in which the lyric appears), possessed to the end a faith-by-intuition which Robinson's "Man against the Sky," it is true, must gravely dismiss with logical inevitability. Yet we think, so far as we can know, that the much greater, mere physical enjoyment, that Browning found in life must largely account for this. His spirits were generally buoyantly high. He was a man of great gusto. (Which is not meant to reduce faith to being merely a matter of a good digestion,—though it is extraordinary how much physical well-being has to do with one's optimism!) Yet only this gusto saved Browning sometimes from sentimentality, a pitfall upon whose edge Robinson has never even stood, for all his sympathy with human nature.

To the dramatist born, the most violent crises must always appeal as material. It is unnecessary to cite examples from Browning. Robinson found for himself that one of his main strengths lay in the presentation and analysis of such crises. Among his dramatic lyrics we have only to remind you of "London Bridge." The recent "Cavender's House" was concerned with the afterthoughts and mental mirages of a man who had murdered his wife. The present long poem, "The Glory of the Nightingales" (Macmillan: $1.25) is the story of a planned revenge which, by circumstance, is taken out of the hands of the avenger. The colloquy between Nightingale and Malory in Nightingale's house by the sea succeeds to an intensely dramatic juxtaposition. The essentials of the "plot," without Robinson's handling, might easily take the pattern of melodrama. And yet the excitement of the poem, and its suspense, consist in the gradual revealing of the souls of the two antagonists and of their complete relationship to each other, not (naturally) in any mere physical act of violence. And in "The Glory of the Nightingales" we perceive how thoroughly, if quietly, Robinson has taken possession of the new territory indicated by his early sonnets which he advanced upon as a modern novelist as well as poet. The thought of Henry James crosses our mind. Robinson possesses that subtlety, and the discipline derived from the use of poetic forms prevents him from the involvement and interminable qualification of James.

We wish to glance a moment at the technique. The first lines of the poem begin swingingly, lyrically, not with the grave stepping-off of ordinary blank verse:

With a long way before him there to
Sharon,
And a longer way from Sharon to the sea,

which soon falls into a soberer pace. But on the next page, as if dictated by the intensity of Malory's intention, the beat changes, achieving a remarkable feat of metric emphasis:

No surer part
Was yet assigned to man for a performance
Than one that was for Malory, who must
act,
Or leave the stage a failure.

For the present
All his wealth was in a purpose and a weapon.
All his purpose a removal of one being
Whose inception and existence was an error,

The Roman type is ours. Throughout the poem, unobtrusively, the rhythm of the blank verse slips into other variations that prevent monotony to the ear. This craftsmanship may only be noted here, without illustration. But the hand of the poet has lost no whit of its cunning.

If "The Glory of the Nightingales" is not one of Robinson's greatest achievements, it is nevertheless one more example of his continued exercise of his own peculiar ability to analyze the human spirit under all manner of special strains and stresses. We should almost, indeed, pronounce him, over and above being a poet, the most profound psychological novelist of our day. We are prevented from doing so by the undeniable fact that, in general, his characters do "talk Robinson" and not as they actually might speak in real life. This is necessary for the weave of his fabric, for the unification of effect in a medium that imposes its own obligations, even as the stage imposes others. And yet, even in the face of this qualification, how the illusion seizes one!

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Hortense Flexner's "This Stubborn Root" (Macmillan $1.25) is a volume upon which the author should be complimented for her craftsmanship. If she is never dazzling she is always interesting and she has the power of compact expression. We remember being much struck by her initial poem, "Alien," when it appeared in *The New Republic* Her impressionism is vivid and her thought individual. She can be spontaneous, artfully, both in strict forms and in free. We have space to quote but this:

QUERY

Is it not possible that our millions of years
Are as a bad morning,
In the workshop of God?
That day on which the materials failed
Him?
And all of our agony
But His hand drawn painfully across His
brow,
Our blood and sweat of æons,
His question,
"But perhaps this is the wrong approach?"

BRONZE WOMAN. By GEORGE BRANDON SAUL. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. $2.

These are musical poems, though they do not much impress save for occasional rather echoing stanzas. The best of these seem to us—from two different poems—

Where the nether waters of hell roll star-
less
I saw one stand;
There was pride in his eyes, at his lips
a trumpet,
A rose in his hand

and also

Vaguely through the rains he heard the
wild horns calling,
The wild horns of her beauty, and
and now he knows no rest
Because he rose and followed, and drank
below the sunrise
The dew that was the morning on
her rose-white breast.

SONG OF THE NEW HERCULES. By LEIGH HANES. BOSTON: The Four Seas Company. $2.

The title-poem of this book by a new Virginian poet appeared originally in Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* It is a dynamic effort. The rest of the book is composed of brief and quiet lyrics. These are clear and pleasant but hardly remarkable. Perhaps "Thumb Proof" is the most engaging. There is somewhat too much mere prettiness to them for our particular taste.

FIRST THE BLADE. California Intercollegiate Anthology of Verse. Volume III. Scripps College: Claremont, California.

Mostly brief verse not badly fashioned. The western undergraduates are technically interesting, to a certain extent.

Writing on the possibility of universal language in a recent S. P. E. tract, Elizabeth Daryush, daughter of the late Robert Bridges, says: "Every one who has had to make himself understood by a foreigner who knows very little English, will have realized how one can instinctively strip one's speech almost bare of idiom, in order to avoid misunderstanding, and how easy it is to do this when treating only of practical matters of fact. It is unlikely, also, that differences of pronunciation would cause any serious difficulty. The advocates of a universal language do, however, generally overrate the easiness of learning it. Because most of the schemes hitherto proposed are made up chiefly of Latin and other European roots, they present therefore but little difficulty to educated Europeans, to whom several of these languages are already familiar: no such facility would be experienced by non-Europeans. Again, the fond hope of some authorities, that the connection which no doubt existed between primitive speech and natural gesture could serve as a basis for a universally comprehensible modern language, is merely fanciful. (One might as well seek to frame a system of suburban by-laws on the theory of the natural rights of man!) Nevertheless, a good case can certainly be made out for the adoption of an *artificial* universal language. To raise a natural one to this position would involve two great disadvantages: the language in question would suffer inevitable degradation, and would moreover be too idiomatic and irregular to be well suited for the purpose."

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Foreign Literature

Pages of the Past

LA DAME DE HUNGERSTEIN. By ANDRÉ DORNY. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1930.

LA CHRONIQUE DES FRÈRES ENNEMIS. By JÉROME et JEAN THARAUD. Paris: Plon. 1930.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

CHRONICLES and genealogical records are a treasure trove to the writer who has the gift of enlivening dry facts and dates with his creative imagination and reproducing the atmosphere of a past, however remote. In French fiction the *histoire romancée* is now in great favor, and André Dorny's "La Dame de Hungerstein," a true story of the fifteenth century, is an interesting specimen of a crime novel with a postlude which is distinctly *romancée*.

The author, who in other works is specializing in Alsatian lore, bases his story upon documents and official records, but does not unquestioningly accept the statements of the old chroniclers, who were too close to the events recorded to see them in the right perspective. He admits that getting away from the academic data, properly classified and labelled, enables one between the lines suddenly to read a different story. The heroes and heroines of those annals are then no longer paragons of virtue or monsters of vice, but simply men and women who are neither—poor humans made up of good and evil. He approaches the story of Cunegonde Gielin de Gilsberg, who at the age of twenty was married by a profligate father to the octogenarian Guillaume de Hungerstein, from the standpoint of a humane psychology, and it is thus he would have the reader look upon the heroine.

The Hungersteins were a family of rude soldiers whose military feats are recorded in the chronicles of medieval Alsace; one of them served in the army of Jeanne d'Arc. Guillaume de Hungerstein is portrayed as an old fighter, fond of plentiful food and drink, with nothing to appeal to the heart of an inexperienced young girl. The Gielsbergs were an old Swiss race, "something of condottieri, brigands, and gentlemen." The mother of Cunegonde, daughter of Bernese patricians, lived in perpetual terror of her husband Rodolphe, savage hunter of game and women, and the girl's childhood was one nightmare of the mother's indescribable sufferings and her own horror of father's and brother's cruelty. These impressions left an indelible mark upon her mind. On coming to the Alsace to live, Rodolphe became involved in a crooked wheat speculation with Guillaume de Hungerstein, and, indebted to him for a loan, decided to pay it off with his daughter's person. The octogenarian was much impressed with her beauty and the marriage was agreed upon without her being consulted. Cunegonde submitted as to a lesser evil, because it seemed to promise her escape from the cruelties of father and brother.

In this hope she was disappointed, because both took up their abode at the castle, and she had now to witness the drunken orgies and listen to the obscenities of three coarse men. Moreover, the brother made constant demands upon her for money which she had to procure from her husband by trickery and cajolery, and having overheard a cynical conversation between her father and her husband about the manner in which she had become Dame de Hungerstein, she conceived as bitter a hatred for the man who had bought her as for the father who had sold, and the brother who was exploiting, her. When one day Hungerstein refused a new demand for money, Werner in a rage narowly missed killing him. The old man thereupon entered a complaint against his brother-in-law with the "grand bailli" of the province, Guillaume de Ribeaupierre. Friends, who had longed for an opportunity to interfere, appealed to the same official to appoint a guardian for the old man who had ample reason to regret his insane marriage. Thus affairs at Hungerstein, long a topic of gossip among the people, became a matter of concern to the authorities. On the day when Ribeaupierre sent his right hand, Lockmann, to examine the books and inaugurate a system of economy which made Cunegonde dependent upon him for every expenditure, Rodolphe and Werner left. But resentment against the husband who had acquired her through a bargain with her father, without asking her consent, rankled more and more in her outraged soul and led to the crime which became a *cause celèbre* in the annals of Alsace. When arrested for having induced two servants to murder Guillaume de Hungerstein, and asked for her reasons, she replied in a a calm and firm tone: "To be free, and to revenge myself for everything. . . . For I wished also to cause the death of my father and my brother."

Cunegonde's further experiences fill many pages of official records. The power of her beauty had given her the reputation of a sorceress. Men of high social standing lost their heads over her, planned her two miraculous escapes. Even the erratic son of Ribeaupierre was so infatuated with her, that his mind was unbalanced, and after exorcism and other treatments peculiar to that period had failed, died incurably insane. She was finally locked up in the dungeon of the prison of St. Ulrich, where to her fortieth year she was heard to sing by those who passed by. But while the death of every other prisoner is officially recorded, there is no mention of her demise. So it was rumored that Ribeaupierre, a few days before his death, had set her free. Her story had all the elements of lurid melodrama that appealed to the imagination of the people, and became not only a legend, but was sung by popular balladists. Such a song, hinting at the final clemency of her judge, is contained in a collection of "Bänkellieder" published in Vienna in 1832.

André Dorny added a "second part" to the story, the contents of which it would be unfair to divulge. His sympathy with his heroine is evident throughout the strange book, but somehow his pen fails to make her live. The reader hears of her beauty, but cannot visualize it. Yet the author proves his ability to create living characters in that second part, where he either gives his imagination free rein or relates actual experiences. Howbeit "La Dame de la Hungerstein" is an interesting departure from the type of crime novels popular with American readers at the present time.

Unique in conception and execution is the latest work of Jérome and Jean Tharaud. It presents a vivid picture of the unrest in Geneva at the beginning of the sixteenth century, spiritual, because the Reformation was then knocking at the doors of the old republic, and political, because its independence was menaced by the Duke of Savoy. This forms the background of the tragedy of the enemy brothers, which Maître Lignot, owner of the Auberge de la Tour Percée, brought upon his family by a strange idiosyncrasy.

It is a psychologically interesting record of two young souls tossed back and forth upon the crest of the great tidal wave that swept over the minds of the people. It is told in the simple, naïve language of an eyewitness of events. The character of Maître Lignot, that sturdy, unswerving champion of the rights which the republic of Geneva had granted her citizens and stubborn adherent to a course he had once chosen to pursue, makes of him an equally if not the most, important figure of the story. And all through appears the tragic face of Mère Lignot, who was never to know which was her child, and the humble form of the pious chronicler—until one reaches the epilogue addressed to the "Reader," which says that the "chronicle" was a trick, and the numerous sources are quoted from which the authors drew the material for their work. The "trick" was certainly an amazing *tour de force*. For the style of the simple, garrulous old annalist is admirably preserved.

Mr. E. G. Twiggett, writing of Thornton Wilder some months ago in the London *Mercury*, said: "I have heard it remarked by careless or forgetful Englishmen that Mr. Wilder's culture and sense for the English language removes him from the true American tradition. It is an absurd, but a common, fallacy. We forget too easily that an authentic American note pervades even the best American writing; or if we remember, still, with the flicker of the films before our imagination, the scream of the saxophone in our all-too-corporeal ears, and Prohibition on our minds, we are not able to disentangle it so often as we should, for it has a soft musical quality. We are confused, when we are not misled, by insistent appearances and do not always stop to consider that skyscrapers and bootleggers and loud unlettered mayors quite misrepresent the soul of America. Those vigorous writers, Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Lindsay, all question of talent set aside, are hardly as representative as the more sedate Mr. Arlington Robinson and Miss Willa Cather. In fact, Nathaniel Hawthorne's insinuating accents have had more real influence on his countrymen than the greater voices of Poe and Whitman, although these have inspired a large proportion of the writers of Europe for nearly a hundred years."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be received later.

Biography

SAVONAROLA. By PIERO MISCIATELLI. Appleton. 1930. $3.

Since Villari's great biography of Savonarola researchers have been busy correcting the lines of his portrait. When Villari wrote Alexander VI, the great Borgia pope was still bearing on his broad shoulders most of the sins of the Renaissance. He was a convenient scapegoat, that passionate, bull-necked, crafty Spaniard, for nineteenth century historians who found it necessary to blame upon someone the disasters that came thronging upon Italy. And the great Florentine scholar, sincere patriot and sincere liberal, saw him as the spider at the center of the web which finally enmeshed his hero, the great friar who was the prophet, so Villari thought, of secular and ecclesiastical freedom. The Borgia pope had so much to answer for that one more crime could scarcely darken his reputation, and he made an ideal villain for dramatic contrast with the unworldly monk. Nowadays we see history in less violent contrasts; we see Savonarola as a medieval reactionary neither liking nor understanding the new world into which he was thrust, and Alexander as a genuinely tolerant, secular minded administrator, reluctantly forced to sanction a course of action which he regarded as stupid and unpolitic. Recently published studies do much to support this view and of these studies Signor Misciatelli's new biography of Savonarola makes the fullest use.

Signor Misciatelli has made the fullest use also of what other materials modern scholarship has assembled on his project, and particularly, as is only proper, of the writings of Savonarola himself. Frequent and tactfully chosen quotation of his prayers, sermons, and pamphlets is, indeed, the most illuminating part of the book, which, on the whole, is balanced, readable, and scholarly. Perhaps it is its very balance and the objectivity which relies so heavily upon quotation of the sources, which constitutes its weakness. The scholarship is all there, the knowledge of the subject and the period, but it remains unfused by any decisive power of interpretation. To refuse to decide between the two accounts of Lorenzo the Magnificent's death bed, and not even to warn the reader against the almost certainly apocryphal story of his refusal to restore to Florence its liberty (how could Savonarola have made or the dying Lorenzo have complied with so ridiculous a demand?) —all this is a kind of scholarly caution which verges on timidity. Such caution defeats itself. If the biographer wishes to abandon Villari's interpretation of Savonarola and his times he must achieve a new one. It is not enough to present the new facts side by side with the old. For the general reader Signor Misciatelli's biography will hardly provide the same absorbing interest as Villari's vivid classic, and the special student will still turn to more precisely documented monographs and above all to the sources themselves. The English edition of Signor Misciatelli's book has a useful index, but lacks bibliography or footnotes. Its translation preserves little of the charm of the author's Italian style.

Drama

WHILE THE RIVER FLOWS. By *Marcel Pays*. Translated by *Babette* and *Glenn Hughes*. Appleton.

THE WORKS OF CONGREVE. Edited by *F. W. Bateson*. Minton, Balch. $3.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S PLAYS AND PLAYERS. By *Hamilton Fyfe*. Macmillan. $5.

Economics

AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE. By *Rexford Guy Tugwell*, *Thomas Munro*, and *Roy E. Stryker*. Third edition. Harcourt, Brace.

THE PERSONAL RELATION IN INDUSTRY. By *John D. Rockefeller, Jr.* Boni. 50 cents.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS GONE WRONG. By *John T. Flynn*. New Republic. $1.

Fiction

THE STRANGLER FIG. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. The Crime Club (Doubleday, Doran). 1930. $1.

Mr. Strange has effected the difficult feat of concocting a mystery story that is novel in setting, fresh in incident, and capable of springing surprises up to the very last chapter. It plays on an island off the coast of Florida where a house party is in progress at the same palatial home from which the owner seven years before had walked out on the terrace to vanish completely from the knowledge of his friends. Here in the isolation of the tropical countryside ensues a succession of murders in the unraveling of which one Mr. Bolivar Brown takes the lead, and the perpetrator of which is not discovered until Mr. Strange has nicely befuddled his readers with ingenious possibilities. The tale is well written, its exotic background lending it a brooding atmosphere, its situations are well contrived, and its events neatly articulated. Even the jaded reader of detective stories will find in this book a yarn to whet his interest.

THE TAVERN OF FOLLY. By MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.

TOMBOY. By DINAH STEVENS. Appleton. 1930. $2.

These are two books of the type which one first lays aside as not falling into a really first-class group, and then picks up again, admitting that they will be read with some interest and entertainment. "The Tavern of Folly" is a mystery story contrived out of the conventional theme of a haunted house, the daring solution of its mystery by its new occupants, and several love stories which are by-products of this solution. It is well written and there are good village characters and one or two really original elements, such as the ghost's turning out to be a young novelist pursuing his trade; but one feels that the plot has been put together with a yard-stick.

"Tomboy" is a somewhat cheaply made book, but in its lively style and flow of humorous dialogue is unaffectedly amusing. It aims at a serious thread of story in leading a more-than-madcap heroine through a period of uncontrolled wildness into a serious ambition which "brings her around" both to finding her own feet and to a love story. Both ends are too extreme, but one must admit Jane's power to amuse and entertain as she chatters her way through the book, and also the worth of the idea that a girl with a mechanical (or any unusual) genius and a magnetic personality can be turned from wildness into usefulness and content if the right adjustments are sympathetically found.

HER FATHER'S HOUSE. By HILDA VAUGHAN. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

Miss Vaughan has created a living and admirable character in Eleanor Tretower, daughter of a dissipated Welsh gentleman by a wife who sprang from narrowly Puritan peasantry, and presently went back to them with her child. But Eleanor never forgot her father's house, and came to love it—and, with reservations, her father—on stolen visits; till at last after countless vicissitudes she came back to it as its owner. Unfortunately, the excellence of Eleanor Tretower has to be displayed by her reaction to adversity, and none of her adversity is spared to the reader. We see her in the horrible narrowness of her uncle's home in Wales, in the overworked misery of a London maid servant and a London laborer's wife; and finally in a terrible pilgrimage, on foot, back to Wales. By way of compensation for this dolorous history there is only—besides Eleanor—the picture of Welsh life in hall and cottage in the 'nineties; well done, but nothing to give the reader any special delight. Some of us feel that it is supererogatory to read about the misery of the virtuous poor in a season when we can see it, and even be it.

THE CASE OF ANNE BICKERTON. By S. FOWLER WRIGHT. A. & C. Boni. 1930. $2.

Mr. Fowler Wright is a most fecund writer of somewhat propagandist fantasy. His "Deluge" was a striking novel, which has been followed by others none of which attained to quite its pace or its plausibility. Now we have, from his facile pen, a detective story pure and simple, a specimen of a *genus* flourishing widely in our day. We cannot say that he has written a first-rater of its kind. The cat is out of the bag about fifty pages from the end of the story, the guilty party has not entered the story theretofore. The latter end of the book has merely the interest of a "reprieve" which we are, after all, positive will come in time, for the benefit of the falsely accused. In our opinion Mr. Fowler Wright transgresses the rules of detective story writing in this yarn, though the first part of the book promises something, and the solution has probability. Others may not agree. The account of the trial, the rendering of testimony, is interesting and shows the author's thorough acquaintance, not an uncritical one, with the law courts of England.

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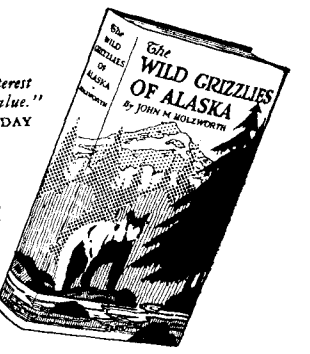

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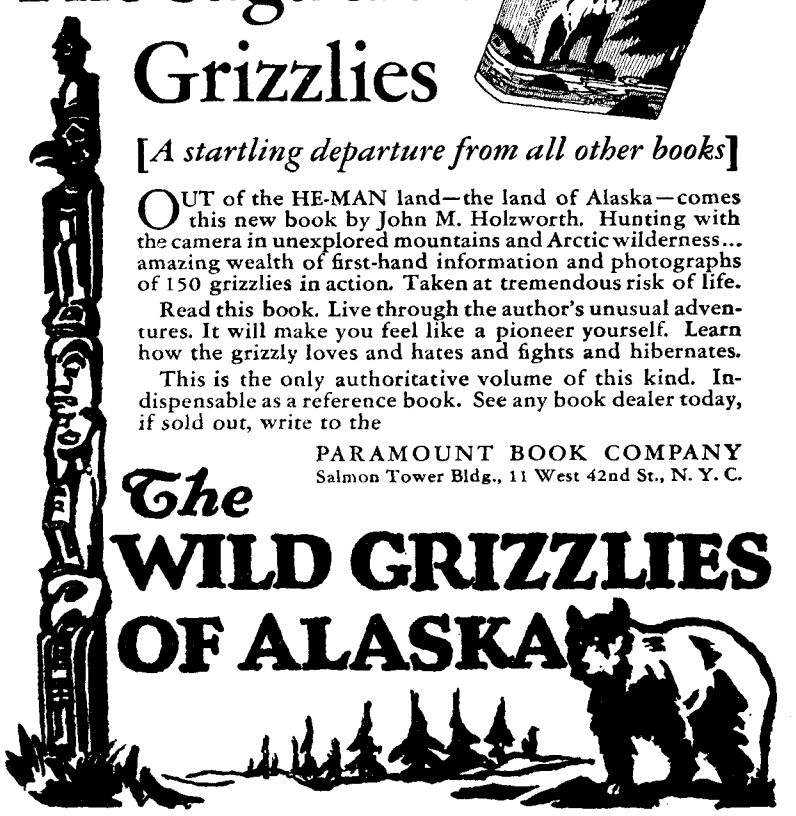

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Points of View

Coleridge and Metre

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Although it is fully a month since H. L. Binsse's article on Gerard Manley Hopkins appeared, I should like to enter a protest. Mr. Binsse said: "The Romantics had broken the obviously sterile eighteenth century conventions in diction; they had not even considered breaking its more subtly sterile conventions in metre and line structure." And later, "Only when sound and sense happened, more often through luck than good management, to coincide, as in Gray's 'Elegy,' in Keats's 'Odes,' in a little of Wordsworth and Shelley, in much light verse, had really fine poetry resulted." And he defines Hopkins's "new rhythm" as being "in theory, nothing more than this; a line should always be considered as made up of any given number of equal units, each unit containing one stressed syllable together with another stressed syllable or as many unstressed syllables as one may choose, rather than a fixed number. The second stressed syllable can be replaced by a rest, as in music."

Of the inaccuracies in expression in these passages I forbear to speak, as they are not germane to my purpose. I merely protest his statement about the Romantics. For in his Preface to "Christabel" Samuel Taylor Coleridge wrote: "I have only to add, that the metre of the 'Christabel' is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion." As a matter of fact, the syllables vary from *four* to twelve. I am not suggesting that the rhythm of "Christabel" is the rhythm of "The Testament of Beauty" or of Hopkins's poetry; I suggest that the opening lines of the poem fit rather well Mr. Binsse's definition of the new rhythm, and that Coleridge was consciously breaking the conventions of eighteenth century metre.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

I would remind him also that Blake said, among many other things, "Bring out number, weight, and measure in a year of dearth," and "Damn braces, bless relaxes." And he was not, in these proverbs, forgetting meters.

ELIZABETH NITCHIE.
Goucher College.

Charles Cotton, Poet

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

It would be a service to all who delight in poetry to take up arms in behalf of Charles Cotton, known to most of us merely as the friend of Izaak Walton and the author of the second part of "The Compleat Angler." I hesitate to apply "greatness" carelessly, but I am convinced that in spots his lyric genius touched the spheres of Shakespeare and Keats. His poems, as far as I know, are few, and a great many of them are love poems of the prevailing mode. But such lyrics as his "Evening Quatrains," "Winter," "An Invitation to Phyllis," and a half dozen others are as good as anything written in English. It is the essence of "pure poetry," according to Mr. George Moore's definition.

I hesitate to quote small pieces, because part of the magic of the stuff lies in the beauty that sings along above the actual words—the same sort of magic that Shakespeare gives his lyrics. But would you expect this from a seventeenth century bard?

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

Or this, of Winter's "life-guard of Mountaineers":

Their partisans are fine carved glass,
Fringed with the morning's spangled grass;
And pendant by their brawny thighs
Hang scimitars of burnished ice.

Or this:

There's water in a grot hard by,
To quench thee, when with dalliance dry,
Sweet, as the milk of sand-red cow,
Brighter than Cynthia's silver bow,
Cold, as the goddess' self e'er was,
And clearer than thy looking glass.

Or this, from his "Ode on Death":

Or, if some one with sacrilegious hand
Would persecute us after Death,
His want of power shall his will withstand,
And he shall only lose his breath;
For all that he by that shall gain,
Will be dishonor for his pain,
And all the clutter he can keep
Will only serve to rock us whilst we soundly sleep.

GERALD W. BRACE.
Cambridge, Mass.

Confessionario

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In his admirable review of the "Builders of the Bay Colony" in your issue of August 16, Mr. Randolph G. Adams touches the question of Latin American publications. Though the Spanish may have neglected to print the Bible for the natives in those years before the Bay Psalm Book was planned, they did publish a Confessionario in double columns of Aztec and Spanish in the City of Mexico, I believe, as early as 1634. In exploring the first editions of European voyages and discoveries recently for the earliest records of the American Indian, I came upon this volume:

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MAYOR, Y MENOR
en lengua Mexicana
Y platicas contra las Supresticiones de idolatria que el dia de oyan quedado a los Naturales desta Nueva España, e instrucion de los Santos Sacramentos &
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If someone had done a like service for the Mayans, we should have that much sought key to records of a lost world.

NELLIE BARNES.
University of Kansas.

Joycian Interpretation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

That was an engaging piece about James Joyce in the *S. R. of L.* of August 2, whether taken as a serious review or as an amplified blurb. But some of us get out of breath before reaching the Joycian heights, to which Gilbert would lead us, and have to stop.

While panting by the roadside, vagrant fancies come a-whispering.

One: Does a really worthwhile writer—one who has something to say and knows how to say it—need so much explaining and "interpreting" as Joyce seems to? One can get a lot out of Shakespeare and Goethe and Dante and Homer and Isaiah and the Book of Job (to name no others) by just reading them.

Two: Given the diligence of Gilbert, and the time for it, couldn't one work up a plausible dissertation on the hypothesis that Joyce, instead of a "prophet," is either a hoaxer on a grand scale or a bit cracked?

Three: Couldn't another dissertation—or two—be worked up on the double-jointed hypothesis that Joyce's verbal tricks derive from the nonsense rhymes, counting-out rituals, and other word-twisting diversions of childhood, and the substance of his "epics" from the wall scribblings of public comfort stations?

Four: Didn't a Dodgson chap, masquerading as Lewis Carroll, do some entertaining word-manufacturing, without getting himself written up as a "prophet"?

BERNARD J. MULLANEY.
Chicago.

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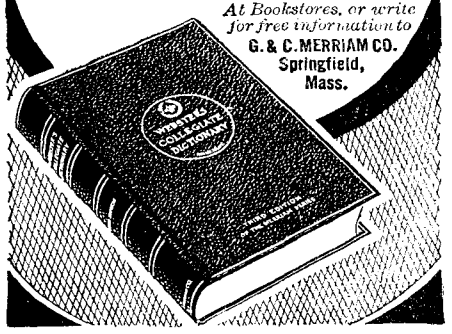

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

V. G., Chicago, Ill., writes: "We are very much interested in the rich literary background of cheese. Dickens, we know, abounds in it. Any suggestions you might have will be appreciated. We are anxious to run down the cheeses Andrew Jackson served in the White House."

THERE is a regrettable tendency on the part of English novelists—even the food-minded Dickens—to take cheese too much for granted, and dismiss it with a word. There was cheese at the finest dinner in fiction, which, as every intelligent reader knows, was served up at the boarding-house of Mrs. Todgers, to celebrate the arrival in London of the two Miss Pecksniffs and their princely pa; it is mentioned, I say, but without the smack with which "stacks of bitfins, soup-plates full of nuts" are set down. It is not mentioned at all at the grim feast in the New York hotel where, as Martin Chuzzlewit saw, "great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see." I have always wondered what it was that a man reared on jam roll considered indigestible. Let us hope these New Yorkers brought their orgy to a conclusion, even though Dickens does not say so, with what Ben Johnson in an epigram calls "digestive cheese and fruit."

Blandois in prison at the outset of "Little Dorrit" brings his sinister meal to an end with strachino cheese and fruit. Mr. Groves, the gambler, treats to bread and cheese in "Old Curiosity Shop." But few heroines of fiction have the true feeling for this food, such as Sam Weller found on the evening when Mrs. Bardell's friends had "just stepped in, to have a quiet cup of tea, and a little warm supper of a couple of sets of pettitoes and some toasted cheese. The cheese was simmering and browning away, most delightfully, in a little Dutch oven before the fire, and the pettitoes were getting on deliciously in a little tin saucepan on the hob." This, now, is a meal at which I had rather have sat down than at the fine dinner-party in "Vivian Gray," where, if they had cheese at all, it was probably as high as the company.

Possibly there is so little licking of literary lips over this noble food because it has become a sort of symbol for short rations. "Bread and cheese and kisses" marks the irreducible minimum for honeymoon budgets; the frugal clubman in Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" discusses the whole menu and orders cheese and a pot of bitter—"I'll only *lunch*," says he. "With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese," says Mrs. Micawber, "which is not adapted to the wants of a young family, there is really not a scrap of anything in the larder." Copperfield's young life was darkened by a problem beginning "If I go into a cheesemonger's shop and buy 5,000 double-Gloucester cheeses at 4½d. each, present payment—" Mr. Tuggs, before he came into his money and took the family to Ramsgate (see "Sketches by Boz") was a grocer, and Mrs. Tuggs sold the cheese. "I'll make an end to my dinner," says Welsh Sir Hugh in "Merry Wives of Windsor"; "there's pippins and cheese to come." Charles S. Brooks uses it for the title of his book of essays, "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come" (Yale), but the only cheese he mentions is one in the posthumous recipe-book of Sir Kenelm Digby, "slip-coat cheese." Cheese-cake seems to have had some effect on the manners: Prior Alena (1718) writes

Effeminate he sat, and quiet,
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet. . . .

(and if anyone asks where I dug that up, it was from the incomparable pages of the New Oxford Dictionary), Pepys seems not to have been thus affected, for on August 11, 1667 he sets it down that "We eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life." They make them very well, by the way, at the bunshop in Richmond at the foot of the hill where lived the lass I'd crowns resign to call her mine. Here they are called "Maids of Honour," and though somewhat heavy—no doubt with history—everyone who goes there eats himself solid with them out of respect.

As for cheese-making, the best place to look for that is in "Adam Bede," in Mrs. Poyser's dairy, on the occasion when she couldna just leave the cheese. "I know you're fond o'whey," said she, "as most folks is when they hanna got to crush it out," and if you think that is peculiar to England, just you ask for buttermilk on an old New England farm. The whey at Mrs. Poyser's has a "flavor so delicate that one can hardly distinguish it from an odor."

Cheese gets into poetry but rarely; the refrain of a famous parody ballad by Calverley is "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," and Richard Hovey broke into real praise in "The Kavanagh"—

A jug and a mug at every place,
And a biscuit or two with Brie!
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn
And a cheese like crusted foam . . .

There is room for more literature on this rich and sometimes moving subject. There was a period in American humor when the mere mention of cheese—Limburger for preference—was felt to be wildly funny, and M. Quad wrote a horrid story in which a large oblong box of it, journeying in a baggage van, was reverently saluted—and avoided—by the train-hands. I don't know why boys say "cheese it" when they take to their heels, but I did discover, up an alley on this hunt, that because Chiz in Persian means "thing," England caught from returning soldiers a slang phrase still lingering—"quite the cheese." With this outburst of erudition I can afford to bow and retire, hoping others will come forward. I have no idea what cheese Andrew Jackson ate in the White House, but like the song the sirens sang, it is no doubt not beyond conjecture.

Before we leave the table, let me state that as a sign of appreciation of my recent cook-book reply, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, Hollis, Maine, sends me a copy of the privately printed "Dorcas Dishes," a book of country cooking with an introduction by her sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin. It is in its fifth thousand, and I think the Dorcas Society of Hollis might find some copies on application; I found my great-grandmother's cookies at the first dip, and purpose to produce them upon this Chelsea stove.

SOME day I must take account of the by-products of this department. The latest is some new light on Matthew Arnold, gained in the course of confuting a correspondent in Fitchburg who was quite sure that Goethe said that about seeing life steadily and seeing it whole, whereas it occurs in Arnold's "Sonnet to a Friend," where he speak of Sophocles. To track it down I went through all the Arnold quotations in Funk and Wagnall's "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," discovering in the process that he has enriched our common speech with any number of phrases whose origin is unguessed by nine-tenths of those who use them, the curious feature being that a good proportion are of a devotional nature. This does not count his famous "sweetness and light," for he especially states that he quoted it from Swift.

CAN any well-informed citizen of Steuben, Yates, or Ontario counties in New York State tell me of books, fiction or otherwise, that have to do with life there from 1830 to the Civil War? A correspondent in Michigan is writing a sketch of her grandfather for the Clements Library in Ann Arbor and wishes to "account for his love of books and collecting." He was born in East Bloomfield, N. Y., in 1834; Mrs. Trollope says the country round about Rochester was full of "sour morality," and the correspondent says "his mother was intensely religious and his father a miller." How bookish was this part of the country before the War?

FREIBURG in Breisgau figures in several new books besides the indispensable Baedeker, and taking them together the idea of the interesting features of life in this charming city becomes so strong that it is hard to stay at home. In Louis Untermeyer's "Blue Rhine, Black Forest" (Harcourt, Brace) is the most information, indeed this is a day-by-day guide to the cathedral, the theatres and other amusements, and the buildings and streets, and a mile-by-mile guide to the country roundabout. It even prepares for a city where "eating is not a refueling, it is a ritual," by providing a *catalogue raisonné* of restaurants, including one where "you can snap your fingers at Lucullus for seventy-five cents" at luncheon.

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Check-Lists

MODERN BRITISH AUTHORS: Their First Editions. Compiled by B. D. CUTLER and VILLA STILES. New York: Greenberg. 1930. $10.

AT the present time, unless a reviewer can indulge in rhapsodies over every book that comes to his attention, he is completely at the mercy of an author's friends, many of whom, apparently, enjoy nothing so much as the composition of a nice, open letter to the public pointing out his entire inadequacy in terms he himself would scarcely dare to use: praise is expected as the natural result of publication, while criticism, even of the gentlest kind, is regarded as a challenge to combat. The formation of a Personal Safety League might be an advantage to unfortunate persons who feel called upon to remark in print that many books are neither masterpieces of their kind, nor contributions to the literature of immortality, but even such an organization could not always prevent damage to sensitive souls. Mr. Percy Hammond, who often experiences difficulty with New York theatrical producers because he possesses too much intelligence to care about everything they present, has for a long time tried to make clear that critics are actually the mildest of beings, big-hearted men and women with beautiful natures, and an aversion to hurting feelings that amounts to a fixation of the worst kind: it is all perfectly correct, and Mr. Hammond is, as usual, singularly penetrating in his remarks. For no one has ever explained satisfactorily why it is considered good taste to be agreeable only about the living, and to damn only the dead; can it be that the former prefer to give, rather than to receive, loving corrections? or must whatever is recent always be treated as an improvement upon all that has preceded it? It is, therefore, with unusal hesitation that the following review is presented—the results may be so distressing.

Ever since Mr. Merle Johnson began his ministrations to the mentally lazy, bibliographic check-lists—the simplest, most compact form of bibliography—have increased enormously in popularity among collectors in this country. Mr. Johnson's group of one hundred and five American writers, many of whom are still quite as obscure as ever, was issued in an edition limited to about a thousand copies which was instantly absorbed; his additions and corrections, printed in *The Publishers' Weekly*, have yet to be incorporated into a new, revised edition of the original work, but when they are, that, too, will probably be sold with equal rapidity. In England for a long time before this, the *London Mercury* and the *Bookman's Journal* had been printing check-lists of contemporary authors, but since no attempt had been made to call attention to them, they had rather escaped general notice. Last year Mr. G. H. Fabes published his "Modern First Editions: Their Points and Values" in which he attempted, with a certain amount of elaboration, to indicate the particular features of binding and typesetting that ought to be present in the first issues of his selection of important books. Now B. D. Cutler and Miss Villa Stiles have gathered together forty British authors whom they like—there seems no other way of describing the one lady and thirty-nine gentlemen whose writings they present—and have given the public of "booksellers and collectors" a series of annotated check-lists that, as they say, are "to be regarded first of all as the result of a hobby. The compilations were begun for the fun of it, and it was not until more than half of the authors were completed that the possibility of publication became a fixed idea." They do not "submit the book as a perfect contribution to bibliographic lore"—they are too wise for that as they realize "perfect bibliography does not exist." What they have done is to give the separate books and pamphlets of their authors with whatever special information they have believed to be essential for distinguishing a first issue from succeeding ones, and to note the existence of limited editions wherever it has been necessary. At times, they are almost too generous in their details (Norman Douglas, Kipling, and Bernard Shaw); at others, they confine themselves strictly to places and dates of publication (Walter Pater). It is rather alarming to find "The Research Magnificent," London, 1915, and "The Open Conspiracy," London, 1928, listed under both Thomas Hardy and H. G. Wells, but lapses of this kind are infrequent. Granted an interest in the majority of authors included in the book—the inclusions are quite as startling as the omissions—the work within its specified limits has been done creditably, and since the compilers are so exceedingly modest in their claims of accuracy and completeness, criticism from the beginning is entirely disarmed: their book is not great, but it can be used with distinct profit by collectors.

G. M. T.

Book Buying

NO one who has been conscious of books throughout his life can have avoided realizing that, during the past years, the most radical change has come over the entire book-trade world. At the beginning of the twentieth century, or during the last years of Her Late Majesty's life, there was a simplicity about buying a book that made it almost a pleasure; some one recommended a new novel, or a new work of non-fiction by a well known person, and if the nearest public library failed to have it, one went to a store, generally the book section of a large department establishment containing everything from baby-bonnets to bedsteads, and asked for it. Unless the request were for something by an extremely popular writer like Sir Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, or William Dean Howells, the volume had to be ordered from a distant, undefined space, and might be expected in about two weeks. Uncomplainingly, the customer departed for his carriage, or the next trolley-car, and went home. Occasionally, a day might be brightened by a visitation from a book-agent, a fascinating person with many words at his command, and a black bag of varying dimensions from which, finally, was taken a folded something that proved to have samples of binding for the complete "sets" he, or she, was selling. Since family libraries grew by such means, rather than by incessant additions of single volumes, it was considered an evidence of enterprise to have salesmen sent out from anywhere: to have one's attention brought in such a painstaking fashion to the collected publications of really good authors and historians was a most agreeable experience. There were, of course, book auctions from time to time, but only a small number of persons in the larger cities realized their existence, or followed them eagerly—as bibliographers, Dr. Wilberforce Eames and Mr. Luther Livingston had still to achieve the fullest extent of their importance.

The contrast between 1900 and 1930 in book buying, as in everything else, is rather startling: at present, bookshops flourish everywhere, in remote rural districts, and in every city of any pretensions in America. An advertisement in the *Publishers' Weekly* for something like the works of Mrs. Burnett or of Jack London is quite liable to bring in a flood of replies—the majority hand-written on postal cards—that reveal the existence of book-stores in the most unlikely places. People receive book review sections with their Sunday newspapers, along with illustrated supplements, magazines, and real estate advertisements. Publishers announce their books well in advance, and many dealers carry the process of warning still farther by sending out to persons supposed to be interested, lists made up from this information. When the Nonesuch Press, for example, announces that it has in preparation an edition of Dante or of Shakespeare that it hopes to have ready eventually, the subscriptions before publication never fail to exceed the number of copies in the proposed edition. It is seldom possible to wander into a store, and come unexpectedly upon a beautiful modern copy of something—such volumes can be found only on shelves reserved for orders, safe from the attention of the inquisitive. The fiction that for years cost $1.08 (reduced from $1.50), is now

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$2.50, or $3.00—non-fiction can be sold for almost any amount. And along with all these changes has appeared an intense interest in book-collecting as an end in itself to which certainly may be ascribed much that has happened.

No one has ever exactly determined the reasons for the present craze for book collecting: it was started neither by publishers, who at first were frankly bewildered by demands for certified first editions, nor by dealers in rare books. The war also can not be held responsible. And yet, with the persistence of a lava flow that manages in its own way to cover a country-side, the number of collectors has grown and grown until persons living on the edges of deserts are conscious that perhaps a few of the disregarded things which, for sentimental reasons, they have kept are worth money. "I have an old book that was my grandfather's. It is in the original calf binding, and is without the stains on the pages that are found so often in books of that time. Can you tell me what it is worth, and where I can sell it? I have been told it ought to bring me a considerable sum." From Florida to the far West such letters, describing, unfortunately, books of as small value as a London, 1790, edition of Milton's "Poems," are written to everyone, the librarians of public and university libraries, the Rosenbach Company, the unhappy creatures who publish each week a series of remarks on book collecting in general. Where the original information comes from that starts the correspondence is not exactly known: apparently stray items in newspapers, stating that certain books have sold for enormous sums at auction, are seen and remembered, especially at the time of house-cleaning, when something that is older, or somewhat similar, is found in the living room bookcase. How can anyone explain to a trusting soul in West Pittston, Pennsylvania, or Everett, Washington, who feels sure he has a treasure, the different between old and rare books, or the multitude of causes that make one edition desirable and expensive, and another worthless? In 1900 it would have made no difference to anyone—now several people have to suffer. There is in existence a depressing volume revised from time to time that is devoted entirely to the names and addresses and interests of American book-collectors—a "Who's Who" of the entire group will undoubtedly be the next step. And although the Post Office Department has said nothing, it must be fairly obvious to its mail-carriers that the number of book catalogues they are called upon to deliver has increased enormously within recent years. It does little good to be mournful, and none at all to be angry, about any loss of simplicity: it goes, and the changes that follow demand recognition, however grudging, from their most confirmed detractors.

G. M. T.

THE annual report of the Director of the Stanford University Libraries, a dignified, sober pamphlet illustrated with excellent photographs, and filled with information especially interesting to everyone who likes to be kept in touch with the growth and development of such institutions, has much to recommend it. There are, of course, a certain number of statistics from each department of the library, but happily these are not over-emphasized. The Director, Mr. Nathan van Patten, has tried rather to call attention to the books themselves received either by gift or by purchase, and has therefore presented to readers a narrative of continual expansion that is most impressive. Any library in California must suffer in comparison with the Huntington foundation so far as public attention is concerned, but the Stanford University Library, with the Hoover War Collection as one of its distinguishing possessions, is certainly to be commended for its efforts to enlarge its resources, and to fulfill the demands made by its growing body of users. G. M. T.

Food As a Background

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING. By ANDRÉE L. SIMON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

IT is a highly humorous anomaly that as America grows older and, it is to be hoped, more civilized, it should be suffering from a recrudescence of interference with personal liberty. In the environment of Prohibition and standardization, of gin and the radio, such a book as M. Simon's both humiliates and exasperates us. It is all very well to talk about ham and champagne—but whether you make, illegally buy, or smuggle your champagne, it is out of the reach of pretty much everyone, and the annoyances attending its procuring place the emphasis not on the champagne but on the game of getting it. And how far from the gusto of this book is the American worship of the "game"! It is possible to eat and drink in a civilized way, but, in America, it is practically impossible to do so legally.

Of course if one eats to live, this book will be of small comfort. I know a man who actually *likes* parsnips, but listen to our author: ". . . the parsnip, which must be grown in poor ground indeed if it be worth the ground it grows in!" What would the New England which loves its succotash and corn meal mush say to this: "The one dried vegetable which a wine connoisseur always avoids whenever possible is the Maize or Indian corn. It is both sweetish and oily: most unsuitable to eat when good wine is going to be enjoyed." So, all lovers of hot dogs, ham-and, applie-pie-and-coffee, might as well omit buying this book; it offers them no support.

But there are others, those who make their own wine, or get it in devious ways, who will find it both exciting and amusing. Its main divisions—and the sections are delightfully short and pungent—are devoted to "The Art of Good Living," "Wine," "Food," "A Gastronomic Vocabulary," "A Wine Dictionary," and "Appendix of Special Terms." The attitude of the author, as I have already suggested, is that good food is only, but a necessary, background to wine. The style is terse and witty; "Truffles, of course, are not a vegetable; they are a miracle." "Until 1860 . . . Claret had been considered almost exclusively an expensive after-dinner wine, too precious and too fine to be drunk casually with food whilst ladies were in the room, as gentlemen, according to early Victorian etiquette, could not do justice to their wine and to their fair neighbors at one and the same time."

There is a wealth of information in the book, information which isn't written in the style of an etiquette book, nor of the *nouveau riche's* guide book, but given with the zest of a man who knows food and drink and wants to impart the information that civilized living may take the place of frontier life and manners. Not least important in the scheme of the book are the gastronomic vocabulary and the wine dictionary—two extended and detailed lists of foods and drinks which will not only enlighten the ignorant, but comfort and rejoice the cognoscenti. I feel that M. Simon leaves the matter of wine-knowledge still intricate and difficult to acquire, in spite of his assurances; but even a gin-ridden country must sooner or later repent and seek a new way of life, and of the guides to such a better way M. Simon's book is one of the best.

The typography of the book is simple but readable, the binding satisfactory. As a companion volume to Shand's book on "Wines Other than French," recently reviewed in this column, to G. B. Stern's "Bouquet," and two other "Books for the Gourmet" published by Knopf it is very welcome.

Dartmouth Verse

DARTMOUTH VERSE, 1930. Decorations by A. J. EPSTEIN. Hanover: The Arts. 1930.

An unpretentious book of verse—I speak typographically—printed by E. H. Crane. The book is set in Goudy's "Deepdene" type, which is a very pleasant face; the composition might have been improved by the use of suitable initial letters.

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GENERAL

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from THE INNER SANCTUM *of* SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

In 1923 *The Inner Sanctum* came upon a five-cent LITTLE BLUE BOOK edition of WILL DURANT'S essay on PLATO, and enjoyed it so profoundly that a few months later it decided to pay E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS of Girard, Kansas, another nickel for a similar essay on SPINOZA. This proved equally exciting, especially when *The Inner Sanctum* was compelled, with adolescent zeal, to defend it against academic scorn and epistemological onslaughts in the sacred groves of the Faculty Club.

Before the year was over, teaching and writing were abandoned for publishing, and *The Inner Sanctum* came into being, with ample time, amidst the initial fury of cross-word puzzles, for reading the rest of WILL DURANT'S essays on the lives and opinions of the major philosophers. And in 1926, after much plain living and high thinking, plus an extended correspondence with E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS concerning straight-flushes, inside straights, the genius of H. T. WEBSTER'S *Poker Book*, the freedom of the will and the humanization of knowledge, these essays were welded together and issued to the world as *The Story of Philosophy*, in a faltering but ardent first edition of 1,500 copies.

Even if it had never attained a sale of 215,000 copies at $5.00 and 300,000 more at $1.00, *The Story of Philosophy* would still be for *The Inner Sanctum* one of the miracle books of all time.

For this work of WILL DURANT, aided by the inspiration and example of H. G. WELLS and JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, launched *The Inner Sanctum* on a thrilling adventure, on a trail of intellectual exploration carrying it into every sphere of science and scholarship. Through *The Story of Philosophy* began *The Inner Sanctum's* program for a series of similar works to illuminate, clarify, sum up and humanize all other realms of learning—a publishing program which will take literally decades to complete, and which has recently reached one of its first climaxes with the presentation of THE FRANCIS BACON AWARD FOR THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE, sponsored by THE FORUM MAGAZINE and SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

To BERNARD JAFFE, author of *Crucibles—The Lives and Achievements of the Great Chemists*, PROFESSOR JOHN DEWEY, DR. WILL DURANT, DR. HENRY GODDARD LEACH, and the late EDWIN E. SLOSSON awarded the gold medal and a check for $7,500, constituting THE FRANCIS BACON AWARD, and to *The Inner Sanctum* came another book carrying on "the conscious adventure of humanizing knowledge."

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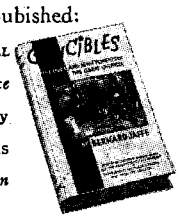

Crucibles is a $5.00 book that More Than Holds Its Own. It seems marked for growing and cumulative demand, a standard book in its field, not a best-seller for the season but a book for the years.

And is this not perhaps the greatest drama of them all—the relation between action and re-action: *"There is first the groping after causes, and then the struggle to frame laws. There are intellectual revolutions, bitter controversial conflicts, and the crash and wreck of fallen philosophies."*

Through the pages of *Crucibles* there pass in review TREVISAN, who looked for gold in a dung-hill; PARACELSUS, who threw the Galenic writings into the flames; CAVENDISH, millionaire misanthrope, and hydromagician; LAVOISIER, French aristocrat, victim of the Terror, who finally solved the real nature of burning; MENDELEEFF, hairy Siberian, who prophesied the elements and gave us the final blue-prints of the structure of the world; and LANGMUIR who threw open the window that made us see the dance of the electrons.

ESSANDESS.

WE have read three good novels recently. In telling you about them we shan't, probably, be telling you anything particularly new. One of them was published several years ago. It is *Thomas Beer's* "The Road to Heaven" (Knopf). Another one has been belauded everywhere. It is "Laughing Boy," by *Oliver La Farge*. The third is *John Dos Passos's* most recent novel, "The 42nd Parallel." Work like this, in fiction, is coming out of the younger America—though we suppose some people would class Tom Beer as a veteran—anyway, work like this is coming out of America today and is distinctively American. We don't mean anything so puerile as one-hundred-percent American. We mean that actual life in America is here written down. Beer deals with a farm boy in the great city, his theme might have been chosen—and frequently was—by *Horatio Alger*. But that has nothing to do with Thomas Beer. He evinces again notable power in clothing an average American young man in vibrant reality. His young man experiences life almost solely through his emotions, as do many of Dos Passos's characters (though some of them are more interested in a potential revolution of the workers than is Beer's boy). But all these young Americans are the fellows you run into in the smoking-cars of slow locals, around garages, in newspaper offices, the "working stiffs," the tough-sinewed, somewhat puzzled young men of their hands, who want to wander, or want a job, or want to get back to the farm. Dos Passos likes wandering, "for to see" at least, if not so much "for to admire," and so most of his characters are of the foot-loose variety. But he introduces others and narrates their lives convincingly,—the Public Relations man, for instance. Beer, in his novel, practices economy. He gives a segment of one life mixed up with a few others. It is set against no panorama of the recent evolution of these United States. Dos Passos gives us a lot about a lot of lives, mixed with newsreels that present the ironic coincidental hodge-podge of the progress(?) of civilization as converted by the daily news, interspersed by close-up snapshots of himself at various stages of his growth. He conveys the contemporary economic welter in which we find ourselves. His is a large, sprawling canvas. As for Oliver La Farge, he gives us the contemporary Navajo Indian, featuring the one who breaks somewhat from the tribe. And the contemporary Navajo, even in and of the tribe, seems to us in retrospect the type of artist and the type of human being, after all, that we would rather be. The white Americans both in Beer's book and in Dos Passos's book are entirely convincing. There is a variety of exhibits, both men and women. Beer is the sophisticate with a reticent but deep sympathy for the simple, average human being with guts. Dos Passos runs a gamut successfully, from Eleanor Stoddard to "Mac." He is lavish of his material where Beer is eclectic. "The 42nd Parallel" is accurate material for future histories of these times. It is not a particularly well-constructed novel. But it leaves one wishing for more. You could make half a dozen modern novels out of it, and all would be good, because Dos Passos can hold one's attention, he has the born gift of being interesting, no matter how much he splashes around. "Manhattan Transfer" was like that, too. The man could be a *Balzac* of America. Some of his "stunts" don't come off. He is at his best in straight narrative. He enjoys interlarding condensed life stories of significant Americans, *Edison, Steinmetz, Carnegie, Debs, Haywood, La Follette*, and so on. They're good, they have a nice, acrid twist. They give us flashes of the real creators of American industry and fundamentally American ideals, while the gang of politicians and business parasites mill on forever, thinking they are doing all sorts of things that are important. You get a variety show with Dos Passos, the long shots, the close-ups, the jazz from the orchestra. The patterns of the lives of the people are futile and tangled patterns, but thus the modern bourgeoisie and proletariat proliferate, harassed by the rumble-bumble of the politicians and the press. In contrast to this Thomas Beer gives you a clean-cut story, he knows how to construct a compact book. And he sees and hears the average man as clearly as Dos Passos. But both dishes are good. Both books are intensely alive and impress with their accuracy. So is and does La Farge's. These are three excellent examples of the present strength of American fiction. . . .

Now we hear that after a summer at their farm at Truco, Cape Cod, *Mr. and Mrs. Dos Passos* passed through New York the other day to return to Massachusetts, where "Dos" is to finish a still newer novel. . . .

We also hear that Holt is going to bring out an excellent book on American literature by *William Russell Blankenship*. It comes right down to *Ernest Hemingway*. . . .

Coward-McCann is publishing *LeRoy Phillips's* "The Bibliography of *Henry James*" in a limited edition of five hundred copies at fifteen dollars. This is the first complete bibliography of James. Our own *Carl P. Rollins* of the Yale University Press has designed the book. . . .

Speaking of Henry James, *Henry Arthur Jones*, in the biography written by his daughter *Doris* and promised by Macmillan for late this month, is reported as saying:

> I used to see Henry James in the Reform Club and it would take him twenty minutes to say "Good morning," and then he wouldn't say it without qualification. He couldn't say two and two make four, he could only go into the whole question of the multiplication table.

The McGraw-Hill Book Company is entering the general publishing field with a list of new books addressed to the lay reader. This Trade Publishing Department will hereafter be known as "Whittlesey House" and its publications will bear that imprint on their title-pages. Their first list includes among its authors such distinguished names as *Harlow Shapley*, Professor of Astronomy at Harvard, *Harlan Stetson*, Director of the Perkins Observatory, *Bailey Willis*, Research Associate of the Carnegie Institute, *Ales Hrdlicka*, Curator of the Division of Anthropology of the Smithsonian, and others. Fiction and other books of pure entertainment are not contemplated as part of the list of "Whittlesey House." *Guy Holt*, formerly secretary of Robert M. McBride & Company, and one of the founders of the John Day Company, of which he was until recently a member, will direct the editorial and sales activities of the new undertaking.

Sheila Kaye-Smith has given up her London residence and taken an old cottage at Northiam, Sussex, where she and her husband expect to spend the greater part of the year. . . .

The Dreyfus case may be almost forgotten by the newer generations, but the story of this famous *cause celèbre* and gross miscarriage of justice still has power to stir the emotions in "Traitor! Traitor!", the tragedy of *Alfred Dreyfus* as told by *Johnston D. Kerkhoff* in a recent volume from Greenberg. *Zola* and *Clemenceau* risked their lives in their fight for justice for Dreyfus. Twelve years after his degradation he was completely vindicated, he was created Chevalier of the National Order of the Legion of Honor. And let it be remembered that the still living Dreyfus entered his plea in 1927 that "because of the frightful error made in his case . . . the State of Massachusetts should consider carefully whether bitterness and hatred were not rushing it to a ghastly error also":

> And he offered to come to America to join the ranks of those who were working to save the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in the belief that possibly the two anarchists were being condemned to die because of their doctrines. Dreyfus had no sympathy for those doctrines; they were against everything for which he stood, yet he proffered his aid. He had been born a Jew, and he knew that if there were men who would condemn because of race there were men who would condemn because of creed. . . .

Emil Ludwig has had a crack at three great geniuses in between the covers of one volume, namely, *Michelangelo*, *Beethoven*, and *Rembrandt*. The book is called "Three Titans" and is published by Putnam. They were titans indeed, in sculpture, painting, and music; and the fourth, more wonderful than any of the three, the one that *Merejkovski* has so marvelously pictured, was the immortal *Leonardo*. Well, speaking of tennis, how about that 16—14 set between Doeg & Shields!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Two weeks ago, in this column, we talked at some length about the relation of the book buyer to the book shop, about his responsibility and his privilege in the book shop in his community. We hope that our speculations were not too vagrant and that you were able at the end to extricate yourselves with at least two clear points, namely, that it is to your advantage to buy your books from the local dealer and that you may rightly demand it of that dealer to maintain an intellectual standard in book selection that not only inspires your confidence but your pride in that shop as a source of good books.

We remember how our discovery of J. Middleton Murray's *Keats and Shakespeare*[1] in the Ball & Wilde Book Shop at 30 Broad Street, N. Y., impressed us with the acumen and good taste of the manager of that shop, and how subsequent examinations of the books there assured us of excellent selection (in the face of a deluge of mediocre publications), that is not only wide in range of interest but also of a high grade. If, during the recent depression, there has been a temptation to follow the example of drug store book departments, there is no sign of it in that book shop. And, of course, there are other shops, as there are many publishers and individuals, who have maintained their sense of values throughout a period of almost hysterical activity.

Perhaps it is the 462 years of book publishing that gives the Oxford University Press[2] its serenity in such times of stress. But we rather think it is because of its 462 years' tradition of a high standard in book publishing that, at such a time, has created books like *The Catalogue of Dutch Painting*,[3] Gordon Craig's *Production*,[4] and *The R. B. Adam Library Relating to Dr. Samuel Johnson and His Era*.[5] These are great and valuable works for able purses which most of us admire while lamenting our financial limitations. But there are also important and interesting books that we can buy and own as permanent sources of information and joy. Such books are Casson's *XXth Century Sculptors*[6] (a survey of the work of Kolbe, Archipenko, Manship, etc., fully illustrated), Bridges's *Testament of Beauty*[7] ("the most veracious and thrilling poem about man, time, and eternity, since Wordsworth's *Prelude*"), *Poems of John Donne*[8] (edited by H. J. C. Grierson, with an introduction of which the *Boston Evening Transcript* says: "Rarely has so much about an English poet, his life, his heart, his soul, and his work been condensed within the brief space of fifty pages"), *Tradition and Experiment*[9] (comprising discussions of these two elements in present-day literature, by T. S. Eliot, Rebecca West, Edith Sitwell, Ashley Dukes, etc.), C. J. Woolley's *Dead Towns and Living Men*[10] (the thrills, dangers, and adventures of a world-famous archæologist), Murray's *Ten Greek Plays*[11] (showing that there are more charms to Greek drama than are revealed in Lysistrata).

The *Little Oxford Dictionary*[12] should certainly be included in this list of books that are both authentic and fascinating. The *Advertiser* (Ala.) says: "A glance at the little book is sufficient to assure one that its mechanical execution bears the mark of a craftsman. The fact that it is based on the great *Oxford Dictionary*[13] assures its scholarship and lexicographical accuracy."

In a recent survey of books on India, The Book League Monthly wrote, "The Oxford Press has been for a number of years quietly and effectively building up an important series of reprints of books of travels in India." It might with equal truth be said that the Oxford Press has been *quietly and effectively building up an important series* of books on almost every conceivable subjest known to man. In an age when so much energy is wasted on shouting and sign waving, it is encouraging to know that some manufacturers concentrate on quality manufacture. This course assumes that we have industry and curiosity enough to make inquiries. The Oxford University Press welcomes requests for lists of books that interest you.

—THE OXONIAN.

(1) $5.25; called "one of the most remarkable contributions to English criticism since Coleridge." (2) 114 Fifth Ave., N. Y. (3) $40.00; "The handsome volume, which constitutes a permanent record of Dutch masterpieces from every part of Europe and the United States, will be welcomed and treasured by all students of Dutch art"—*Observer*. (4) $65.00; autographed edition, $90.00; an account of Craig's production, in Copenhagen, of Ibsen's *Pretenders;* "A rich and satisfying volume that will grace the most sumptuous collection."—*Theatre Guild Magazine*. (5) 3 vols., $75.00. (6) $3.50; "One of the loveliest art books of the year"—*Publishers' Weekly*. (7) $3.50. (8) $2.50. (9) $2.50. (10) $2.00. (11) $3.50. (12) 75 cents. (13) 10 vols., half morocco, $550.00; 20 half vols., half morocco, $575.00; 20 half vols., quarter Persian, $500.00. (14) Send for lists.

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Children and Childhood*

By WALTER DE LA MARE

WHAT are children? A child is first and foremost, I suppose, a human being of a certain age. According to that age he, or she, is likely to be so tall and so heavy. This, however, doesn't help very much. Some human beings continue to remain, whatever their weight and height, in many ways childlike and even childish through all their ages. And when one thinks of such children as Marjorie Fleming or of the "almost perfect" John Evelyn's small son who was a student of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew and died, I think, at the age of five, it is clear at any rate that mere age is not everything. It is the mind that most matters, though that too has a good deal to do with the body. But whatever precisely a child may be, it is very unusual indeed for those who have become men to be able to remember precisely what it was to be one; to become, that is, in imagination the children they actually once were. I doubt if even a boy or a girl of fourteen can become again in imagination what he or she was at seven, or at three. And what child of three remembers being three months? Possibly, early memories become clearer as one grows older. Still, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." That is true. And Wordsworth tells how this becoming a man is a banishment also:

. . . The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair:
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth. . . .

Trahern too:

. . .The green trees when I saw them first . . . made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. . . .

And Henry Vaughan:

. . . O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track. . . .

For most of us strange veils almost completely hide away those "early days," though, now and again, some small experience may vividly evoke them: a glimpse, for example, of a horse, with its long tail, grazing in a field of buttercups, or a glance up at the towering boughs of an oak or elm tree, or that first morning look through a window at a wintry morning in the hush of daybreak and deep in snow. At any such chance decoy or remembrance an instant's glimpse may be caught of what being alive was like then. And an astonishing experience it usually is—for many reasons. Indeed, one has only to be quiet and watchful in the company of any child, even a child of two or downwards, to become aware (though in a very cloudy and partial fashion) of the astonishingly full and vivid life it is leading—and being led by. The life, that is, of what, so to speak, is outside of itself and what is inside of itself: its body life, its mind life, and its spirit life.

So intent on what it is looking at or dreaming about can a child of but two years old become that even a touch on its bare arm, or the soft calling of its name three times over may fail to summon it out again. In an hour it may have more or less mastered in experience what it would take a whole life time really to explore. And yet, that hour—so far as the word remembrance or recollection fully implies—may as the day goes by sink into forgottenness, as the incandescent dust of a falling meteor over the solitudes of the Pacific sinks into the forgottenness of its deeps.

It is easy, of course, to recall a few mere scattered events in one's early childhood. And many gifted writers have proved themselves to be able to do far more than this. Serge Aksakov for example, in that marvellous book, "Years of Childhood"; Edmund Gosse in "Father and Son," Mr. Frank Kendon in "The Small Years"; and there are others. Still, these books were not only written in later life but are read by those who are grown up; and remembering, however vivid and intimate it may be, can never be quite the same thing as being. In looking back over many years, at any rate, it is impossible to free the mind and heart completely from what has come between.

Though it doesn't appear to be usually taken into account, it is certain that children, both in mind and imagination, however little it may be apparent, are likely to be more different from one another even than men and women are different from one another. What is no less certain, or what seems no less likely, is that in certain respects children are even less different from full-sized human beings than they are generally supposed to be. They take the world—and themselves—at least as seriously. They realize their oughts no less sharply than their crosses; and this even though they are midgets in a land of giants who have forgotten much of their language and whose right is often founded solely on force majeure. The intelligence, again, may be practised, but how much does it actually grow? Is every novelty really new to a small child? A wise man once spoke of "recognition" and I am inclined to think that just as a poem or a story or a picture comes gradually to body forth and to resemble what is already—and probably much less defectively—in the imagination of its author, so it is with life. There is a Self. And this earthly existence is a sort of shadow-picture in motion of that self. It is a poor metaphor, but it resembles the changeful, blurred reflection in muddy water of what for a very long time indeed has been there upon the bank. If children could only grow up to be what seems to be—what is—within their promise, what a world of demigods this might be!

* This article is to constitute part of the introduction to Mrs. De la Mare's "Poems of Childhood," shortly to be issued by Henry Holt & Co.

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

TALES TOLD IN HAWAII. By BERTA METZGER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1930.

Reviewed by HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT

BETWEEN the covers of this gaily bound book, printed in large, clear-cut type, appear, for the first time, a collection of delightful Polynesian folk-tales, retold in very simple language for the joy of children—and for some of the rest of us who like our legends that way. These stories (in original form and language) have been told for centuries in grass huts, under cocoanut palms, around fires on coral beaches on many of the tropical islands that belong to a great island country in the Pacific, Polynesia. Many of the tales Miss Metzger has had the good luck to hear directly from Hawaiians; others she has taken from recorded legends, some of which appear in the publications of the Bishop Museum, Honolulu. Her selections have been fortunate and her manner of telling the stories is effective, so that she has made a jolly book for children.

There is no real substitute for the native environment that went into the original making and telling of these legends; nor is there anything to take the place of the hearing of them chanted or sung by an old tatooed Samoan chief, sitting cross-legged on his pandanus mat in his grass house, or by an ancient Tahitian grandmother squatting near the fire of cocoanut husks on the beach, and accompanied by the dancing of boys and girls. But, Miss Metzger has, so it seems to me, by means of this simple and brief form of narration and by the careful choice of word and phrase preserved something of the rhythm and beauty of these old tales.

Legends of a little-known people—what a golden opportunity for "interpreting," and for handing out information! Miss Metzger lives within the shadow of the greatest storehouse of Polynesia in the world—the Bishop Museum—and yet she has resisted even the temptation of footnotes. She has not tacked on an explanatory appendix of island words and expressions; nor has she urged children to get out their geographies and hunt around among the dots in the Pacific for Tahiti or the Tonga Islands. There is a short preface of "sources," and a table of contents with the names of the tales and their island origins. That is all. Miss Metzger has given the folk-tales themselves a chance (with the attractive help of pictures by Verna Tallmann); and, in doing that, she has given children, too, a chance.

Little children will relish these tales. Their magic is made of the sea and coral reefs, of the wind and blossoming trees; of boy heroes who climb rainbows, fish up islands, trap sharks, snare the sun, and push up the sky; of "little people," friendly animals, lazy boys and— but read and then "magic" yourself down to one of their islands. Two weeks at sea and you're in Samoa. A boy of brown skin and black hair is hollowing out a tree trunk for a canoe; another is husking cocoanuts; another, spearing fish; a girl is carrying her calabash filled with water from the spring, all just as in the tales. They sing, dance, wear flowers in their hair, sleep on mats in their grass huts (while a small light burns to keep away evil spirits); and greet the stranger (if his magic is of the right sort) with strings of shells and garlands of hibiscus, just as they have always done since the time Maui caught the sun and made it go slowly across the sky that the days might be long, long days for his children of the many islands, as he really did, you'll discover when you read "Tales Told in Hawaii."

GUSTANGO GOLD. By ARTHUR C. PARKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN D. WHITING

THIS is a mystery story with lots of mystery and plenty of story. The author is an Indian—Gawaso Wanneh—and writes with authority of Indian life on the reservations of western New York. Probably few of us knew (I didn't, for one) that what is left of the Iroquois Six Nations still survives in our midst, not far from the original fields of their fame. They are "civilized" of course and—oh shame and loss—wear trousers, but they still retain, it seems, the honest traits of the pagan. Pants have not destroyed their native dignity completely.

In writing for boys one has a difficult problem, and criticism is far easier than creation. The story must move fast and be full of action if it is to capture the attention of boys. But the boys of today are sophisticated, they will not swallow a bait unless it is real and good to eat. One can't write down to them or feed them on what was considered good juvenile diet thirty years ago. Their literary palates are not perhaps as exacting as yours and mine or Mr. Parker's, but they no longer enjoy gorges of pepper and spice. I think that Mr. Parker, with the best of intentions, has underestimated the American boy.

For "Gustango Gold" has a generous surplus of plot, incident, and intrigue. In such an endless confusion of widely spread action there can be no character study or sustained situation. It is a rapid affair, a motion-picture gone wild, in which a host of people run over the screen with a ghostly flicker and a bewildering chaos. There is great ingenuity of mechanical contrivance and the dialogue is brisk and colloquial. But the author appears to have worked overtime on his plot and treated his characters with scanty respect.

In short, "Gustango Gold" is a boy's detective story of the old school, of hero and villain and interminable mix-up. It should appeal strongly to very young boys and hold their interest from beginning to end. But one feels that the author is capable of doing far better on a more serious theme. With his ingenuity and knowledge of Indian lore he has a fine chance to make the American public better acquainted with his magnificent race, so much maligned in our histories.

JANE-LOUISE'S COOK BOOK. By LOUISE PRICE BELL. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930.

LITTLE girls who are the happy possessors of electric stoves on which they can cook with a freedom from danger that was unknown in their grandmothers' youth will rejoice in this volume of recipes which pictures ingredients and utensils in line as well as by words. It contains a series of simple recipes for dishes adapted to the palate of the young, and with its drawings to make plain the instructions in script which are beyond the powers of tiny tots to decipher, should be an excellent manual even for the child too young to read.

Number Song

By *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*

SIXTEEN pigeons flew over the spire
Of the church, and as they went higher and higher

They gathered in to be twelve, and ten,
And then they were seven, and then,

When I saw them last they were four—
Wings going and then nothing more.

THE BLACKSMITH OF VILNO. By ERIC F. KELLY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THE necessity under which the Junior Literary Guild labors of allocating its selections to groups of different ages and sex results in unfortunately arbitrary classifications. Mr. Kelly's "Blacksmith of Vilno" is a book full of precisely that kind of intrigue, adventure, and romantic fervor which is customarily regarded as the particular delight of boys, yet it is the September offering for girls of twelve to sixteen. Just why it should have been so designated we fail to see unless it was so chosen in default of any other possibility. It would, indeed, be a pity were its classification to narrow its range, for it is a tale delightfully told, ingenious in incident, absorbing in development, and carried on a thread of poetic sentiment that lends dignity to its narrative. As a matter of fact, it is a story not only interesting to boy as well as to girl, but to adult as well as to adolescent.

Mr. Kelly, whose "Trumpeter of Krakow" won the Newbery Prize in 1929, lays the scene of this second tale of Poland in the dark days after the partition of the country, when the unsuccessful revolutions against the Czar Nicholas of Russia had made the nation suspect and had subjected the people to a rigorous repressive policy. With fertile fancy he adapts to his purposes the legend that no emperor of Russia can hope to rule subjugated Poland until he has in his possession the golden crown of its throne, building his narrative out of the adventures encountered in the efforts of a brotherhood of patriots to keep it in concealment. Mr. Kelly writes with a fervor of feeling that is completely in the tradition of Polish nationalism, but he keeps his tale free of sentimentality and maintains an even balance between the robustness of its happening and the warmth of its emotion. It is a book which it will be hard for boy or girl to lay aside before the last page has been turned.

THE MISSING KATCHINA. By GRACE MOON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by ALTA B. APPLEGATE

AS a story to interest children up to twelve years of age "The Missing Katchina" is the best that Grace Moon has yet written and, although it follows somewhat the same pattern that her other adventure stories of the make-believe Indian children of the Southwestern deserts are built on, it is longer and better written. The illustrations were made by the writer's artist husband and are much better than those generally used in books about Indians, for Mr. Moon evidently knows Indians and their ways quite as well as does his wife.

Mrs. Moon does not name the tribe to which her main characters belong, but to anyone well acquainted with the Indians of the Southwest it is obvious that the Hopis of northern Arizona are designated. By reading this book children will not only have their interest thrillingly held, but at the same time will learn something about the habits and environment of these interesting desert Indians of the Southwest.

The plot of the story is not very complicated. The rain katchina, or god, is missed from the flute kiva, or ceremonial underground room, of the pueblo at the same time that an old herb woman disappears from the mesa; she is accused by one of the other Indians of having stolen it. The hero of the story, a young boy, starts out with a little girl of the pueblo to find her grandmother, who is the old herb woman. From that point the interest of the story centers around the adventures of these two children in their wanderings over the desert. The high point of the plot is reached when, secreted in the ruins of an old cliff palace, the accuser of the girl's grandmother is discovered in the act of selling the missing katchina to the members of a neighboring unfriendly tribe. The children by the exercise of cunning gain possession of the katchina and after further adventures restore it to the flute kiva, thus thwarting the villain and restoring the reputation of the old grandmother.

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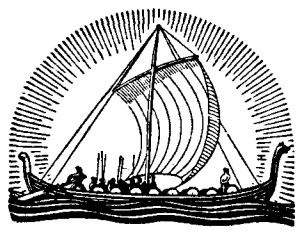

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His dramatic biography, written by Stefan Zweig and translated by Eden and Cedar Paul is already in its second large printing. Of it, George Britt, writing in the *New York Telegram*, says, "For sheer brilliance, Stefan Zweig here leaps to a position beside that aristocrat of modern biography, Lytton Strachey." *The Outlook* characterizes this book as "The season's greatest story." $3.50.

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